

THE FIRST SIX BOOKS
OF
THE ILIAD OF HOMER
BY THE
REV. EDWARD SIMMS M.A.

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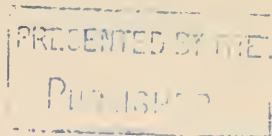
C. K. OGDEN

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THE ILIAD OF HOMER.





THE

FIRST SIX BOOKS

OF

THE ILIAD OF HOMER,

TRANSLATED INTO

FOURTEEN-SYLLABLE VERSE :

With Preface and Notes, and a Map of Greece in the Homeric Age,

DESIGNED AS A READING-BOOK FOR COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS.

BY

THE REV. EDWARD SIMMS, M.A., OXON.,

VICAR OF ESCOT, DEVON.

Καὶ μάχόμεν' κατ' ἑμ' αὐτὸν ἐγώ.

Iliad, I., v. 271.

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✓ 170

In Memoriam.

I OWE it to the memory of a dear departed brother, Mr. Charles S. Simms, of Manchester, to state, on the forefront of this work, that he was the first to suggest to me the metre of this Translation as the best the English language offers for such a purpose. Indeed he did much more. He himself translated the First Book of the Iliad into this fourteen-syllable metre, and published his Translation in a quarto pamphlet at Manchester in the year 1866. It is a singularly accurate version by one, to whom the mastery of the Greek language was not the attainment of youth, but was acquired in after-life, as a recreation and solace, amidst the active occupations of a busy commercial career. Its chief defect is a frequent sacrifice of the English to the Greek idiom, arising from a too-anxious desire for a very exact rendering of the original.

His version of the First Book is the basis of the one now offered, in which I have been solicitous to retain, amidst all the alterations, the substance and features of my dear brother's work.

“ His saltem accumulem donis.”

E. S.

LARKBERE HOUSE,
January 25th, 1873.

P R E F A C E.

ALL the critics of antiquity, both Greek and Latin, unite in extolling the consummate skill exhibited by Homer in his mode of commencing the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. "In this respect," says Aristotle, "does Homer wonderfully stand forth before and above all others, in that he attempts not to describe the circumstances of the entire war in their order from beginning to end, but brings in the events, which precede the action of his poem, in episodes from time to time." *

"This law of epic poetry," observes Quintilian, "I say not that Homer maintained, but himself invented and enacted." † Horace, the famous Roman lyric poet and critic, has made this law of the epic poem renowned in his "*De Arte Poeticà*," vv. 136–150; and all great poets, since his time, have studiously observed the same.

But it may be advisable for the sake of the ordinary English reader, for whom this translation is specially undertaken, and who probably is not familiar with the traditions of early Grecian history, to briefly narrate those particulars of it, which belong more immediately to the "war of Troy."

Like that of most other European countries, the early history of Greece is made up of feuds, and commotions, and

* Arist. *Poetic.*, c. 23.

† Institut., Book x., c. 1.

fightings between rival tribes or clans. From the earliest times Greece appears to have been divided into numerous principalities, which were constantly at war with each other. At first there was little agriculture. Cattle formed the principal wealth. Numerous flocks of sheep and goats; and large herds of horses, oxen, and swine, were spread over the country. For these possessions there was no safety but in the valour of their owners. It was considered, on all sides, the height of glory, and a legitimate mode of acquiring wealth, to take these by force. Women were especially an object of plunder in these forays and petty wars.

It was the same on sea as on land. The sacking of towns on the sea-coast was then an honourable pursuit. The testimony of Thucydides, the most sagacious and accurate of the ancient Greek historians, is very clear and precise on this point.*

Gradually, strangers from the coasts of the lesser Asia lying over against Greece,—from Mysia, Lydia, and Caria, and also emigrants from Phœnicia and Egypt, from time to time settled in the country, and introduced the arts of more civilized life. Amongst these was Pelops, son of Tantalos, a king of Phrygia. He possessed great wealth, and had at his command a large number of ships, whereby he exercised a ruling influence over the islands and throughout the whole of the neighbouring countries. He seems to have held a monarchical sway over a large portion of the peninsula now called “the Morea,” but anciently the Peloponnesos, *i. e.* “Isle of Pelops”; so called after his name.

* De Bello Pelop., Book i., c. 5.

Pelops was succeeded by his son Atreus, and Atreus by his brother Thyestes, who, at his death, restored the sceptre to Agamemnon, son of Atreus. Agamemnon and his brother Menelāos married Clytemnestra and Helen, the daughters of Tyndaros, king of Sparta. On the death of Tyndaros, and of his sons Castor and Polydeuces, Menelāos assumed the rule of Sparta.

The beauty of Helen was so famous, that all the princes of the country sought her in marriage. Finally they agreed to leave the selection to herself, and entered into an engagement to aid and protect the husband of her choice, should they be called upon to do so. Helen was married to Menelāos.

On the opposite shore of the Ægæan Sea, in Mysia, near the entrance of the narrow strait which there divides European from Asiatic Turkey—now called “the Dardanelles,” but anciently “the Hellespontos,” the rival kingdom of Troy was placed, extremely wealthy, and comprising a considerable tract of country. It was founded, according to the tradition of the place, by Dardanos: he was succeeded by his son Erichthonios, Erichthonios by Tros, Tros by Ilos, Ilos by Laomedon, and Laomedon by Priam, who had a large family of sons and daughters, of whom the most notable were Hector and Paris (or Alexandros, as he is sometimes called by Homer). The latter built ships, and sailed to the coast of Peloponnesos. Thence he went up to Sparta, where he was hospitably received by Menelāos: but, in his absence, he seduced his wife Helen, and carried her off to Troy. To avenge this insult and wrong,

Agamemnon and Menelāos collected an armament of nearly twelve hundred ships, and upwards of a hundred thousand men, with all the chieftains of the country; and, after a siege of ten years, took and destroyed the city of Troy.

This is the first great struggle on record between European and Asiatic powers. This was the greatest expedition that ever sailed from the shores of Greece; and it exhausted the resources of the country, and was (as all war ever is) the spring of innumerable ills.

The subject-matter of this grand Homeric poem is the events which happened in the tenth and last year of the Trojan war. For the readier information of the reader, these will be found summarized in the several arguments prefixed to each book.

In this present attempt to present Homer to the English reader, the metre chosen for the purpose is the one known as "the fourteen-syllable rhymed couplet." George Chapman, one of "the sturdy race of our old translators," who flourished in and adorned the Elizabethan period of our literature, is the first translator of Homer, who essayed to render the rapid flow of thought and expression of the great Original in this metre; and his version fails, not in respect of the measure itself, but owing (as I consider) to the translator's want of care in the rhythm of his verses, and in his fantastical diction, so utterly un-Homeric.

The inherent unfitness of the ten-syllabled epic couplet, adopted by Pope and Sotheby, and the yet greater unsuitableness of Miltonic blank verse, adopted in the translations of Cowper, Wright, Brandreth, and the late Lord Derby,

have, I consider, been sufficiently shown by Mr. Matthew Arnold, late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, in his lectures given at Oxford, "On Translating Homer." His condemnation of the ten-syllable verse appears to rest mainly on the fact, that it is fitted rather for didactic and satiric subjects than for heroic ones. And doubtless there is a quiet decorum and staidness in its rhythm, which ill serve to represent Homer's flowing rapidity. Besides which, maintaining, as he does, the unfitness of a *rhymed* metre for rendering Homer, he objects to it also on that ground. While of *blank* verse he says, "If blank verse is used in translating Homer, it must be a blank verse of which English poetry, naturally swayed much by Milton's treatment of this metre, offers at present hardly any examples."

Mr. Arnold, indeed, by an eliminating process of argument, seems to arrive at the conclusion, that the unrhymed English hexameter is the only suitable measure, which our language offers for the purpose of representing the strong smooth river-like flow of the Homeric verse. But this is a measure certainly not yet naturalized, and it is very questionable whether it ever will be naturalized, in our language. Short and choice portions of the Iliad may be pleasingly and aptly represented in this measure, but it never will sustain the attention and interest of the reader through a long poem, such as the Iliad, of fifteen thousand lines.

After well weighing all that has been said respecting the metres of translation, I feel assured that no measure which we possess, if rightly handled, is so suitable for the purpose, and so likely, if wrought with sufficient skill and judgment,

to be a *popular* one, as the fourteen-syllable couplet in rhyme. And I am happy in being able to quote the high critical authority of Lord Houghton in this matter, who affirms that it is a metre “which, after all various attempts, including that of the hexameter, still appears the best adapted, from its pauses and its length, to represent in English the Greek epic verse.”*

My endeavour has been to produce, in this fourteen-syllable rhymed measure, a version which shall commend itself to the accurate Greek scholar, as being as close a representation of Homer’s language and style, as a translation can fairly hope to render; and which shall, at the same time, by its flow and harmony of diction, and by the music of its rhyme, attract and please the public taste and ear. For I contend that unrhymed versions of Homer, for whatever cause, will never *live* in our language,—by which I mean, will simply *exist*, at the most, like marbles in the British Museum,—but will never *live* in men’s memories, nor exercise a *living* influence upon our language and literature.

It is that quality of musical rhymes, which has caused Pope’s translation of Homer to be the only abidingly-popular one we have, notwithstanding all its defects, and though it is (as the great Grecian critic, Bentley, justly said) “a pretty poem, but must not be called Homer.”

These first Six Books of the Iliad are now offered to general notice as an instalment, and with the object

* Life and Letters of John Keats, edited by Lord Houghton, vol. i., p. 18, ed. 1848.

of ascertaining the judgment of scholars on the work, and especially how far it is likely to win the public approval.

At present, with the mass of English readers, Homer is a great name, and little else. How few, who are not more or less acquainted with the ancient Greek language, know anything (so to say) of the action of the *Iliad*! How are the wondrous beauties of its poetry generally unknown! Of the two hundred similes and upwards, which are to be found in this poem alone, who can recall and repeat one!

One great object of the present translation and of the notes appended to it, is to provide a reading-book of Homer suitable for colleges and schools.

The proper names are, in this translation, written according to their Greek spelling. No sufficient reason can be given for the use, so generally adopted by translators of Homer, of the Latin termination in *us* for the far more sonorous Greek nominative in *os*; nor for representing the grand Greek diphthong *ei* by a simple *i*,—and so, *e.g.*, writing Atridēs for Atreidēs. The termination “eus” is always a monosyllable.

The Greek appellations of the divinities are also retained; a list of which is appended, with their (so-called) Latin equivalents. But it should be carefully borne in mind, that the correspondence of the Greek and Latin deities is only a formal one. It has been sagaciously remarked, that “the Zeus of Homer and the Jupiter Optimus Maximus resemble

each other in their general outlines; but there the resemblance stops. As *moral* conceptions, they are almost as unlike as chance and providence, or caprice and will. And the case is similar with respect to the other deities. The Greek and Roman mythologies differ in short as the mental and moral characteristics of the two races,—that is, very widely indeed.” *

GREEK DEITIES.

LATIN DEITIES.

GREEK DEITIES.			LATIN DEITIES.
Aphrodītē	corresponds to		Venus.
Apollo	”	”	Apollo.
Aidōneus	”	”	Pluto.
Artēmis	”	”	Diana.
Athēnē	”	”	Minerva.
Arēs	”	”	Mars.
Crōnos	”	”	Saturnus.
Dionȳsos	”	”	Bacchus.
Demēter	”	”	Ceres.
Enȳō	”	”	Bellona.
Hephaistos	”	”	Vulcanus.
Hērē	”	”	Juno.
Iris	”	”	Iris.
Leto	”	”	Latona.
Posēidon	”	”	Neptunus.
Zeus	”	”	Jupiter.

Of the proper names of the Chiefs, there is none calling for especial notice, except that of Odysseus. He is the Ulysses, or Ulixes, of Latin writers, and prince of Ithaca, husband of Penelopē, and father of Telemachos. His adventures whilst making his long way home, after the fall of Troy, form the subject of “The Odyssey” of Homer.

E. S.

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THE FIRST BOOK.

The Argument.

THE STRIFE BETWEEN AGAMEMNON AND ACHILLEUS.

SHORTLY before the time when the action of the Poem commences, the Achaians, having sacked some towns on the coast not far from Troy, and taken two beautiful captives, Chryseïs and Briseïs, allotted the first to Agamemnon and the other to Achilleus. Chrysēs, father of Chryseïs, and priest of Apollo, comes to the Achaian camp to ransom her. Agamemnon rejects his suit, whereupon the priest entreats for vengeance from his god, who sends a pestilence on the Achaians. Achilleus calls a council, and encourages Calchas, the seer, to declare the cause, who attributes it to the rejection of Chrysēs. Agamemnon, being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious quarrel with Achilleus, and, having the supreme command of the army, seizes on Briseïs in revenge. Achilleus, in wrathful discontent, withdraws himself and his forces from the rest, and complains to his mother, Thetis, who supplicates Zeus to vindicate her son's cause by giving victory to the Trojans. Zeus, by granting her petition, incenses Hērē; and the debate runs high between these deities, until they are reconciled by the address of Hephaistos.

O GODDESS MUSE, the wrath of Peleus' son Achilleus sing,
That wrath which did ten thousand woes upon the Achaians bring,
Many brave souls of heroes prematurely cast away,
To Aïdēs, unto dogs and every ravening bird a prey,—
So was the will of Zeus fulfilled,—from that first moment, when
Divine Achilleus stood at strife and Atreidēs, king of men.

Say, who among the gods first caused the fatal feud to spring?
The son of Zeus and Leto: he, enraged against the king,
Spread through the camp a pestilence, and crowds were perishing;
Because his priest by Atreus' son was put to open shame,
When to the Achaians' rapid ships the aged Chrysēs came:

His daughter to release, he brought of ransom boundless store,
 His hands Apollo's fillets on a golden sceptre bore,
 To all the Achaians was his prayer, but chiefly he addressed
 The brethren twain, the sons of Atreus, leaders of the rest.

“Ye sons of Atreus, and all ye well-greaved Achaians, hear!
 Unto the gods, who on Olympos dwell, I make my prayer,
 That Priam's city ye may spoil, and turn in safety home:—
 But oh! release my darling child, for whose sake I am come,
 Accept the ransom which I bring, let my dear daughter go, 20
 Reverencing the son of Zeus, the god of the far-darting bow.”

Then all the rest with one accord assenting, cried, they ought
 The priest to reverence, and receive the splendid ransom brought.
 But Agamemnon would not: he against him steeled his heart,
 And with foul scorn and harsh injunction bade the priest depart.

“Old man, beside the hollow ships let me not find thee stay
 Delaying now, or ever more returning by that way;
 Lest neither fillet of the god nor sceptre aught avail:
 For her, I free her not, before with age she waneth pale
 Within our house in Argos, far from her own native land, 30
 Sharing my bed, or labouring at the loom at my command.
 But thou, begone! provoke me not, that thou mayst safer go.”

He said. The old man, fearing him, with footsteps sad and slow
 Turned back along the beach, where dashed the loudly-roaring sea,
 Until a lonely spot he reached;—then much and long prayed he
 Unto the king Apollo, whom the fair-haired Leto bore.

“Hear me, O god of the silver bow, who guardest Chryse's shore,
 And sacred Cilla, and strong rule in Tenedos dost bear,
 Smintheus! if ever I have decked for thee thy temple fair,
 If ever the fat thighs of bulls and goats I burned with fire
 For thee,—for me do thou in turn accomplish this desire,—
 For my tears on the Danaäns pour the arrows of thine ire.” 40

So prayed he ; and Phoibos Apollo heard his piteous cry.
 Straight down from the Olympian heights he rushed indignantly,
 His bow and well-closed quiver were upon his shoulders hung,
 Upon the shoulders of the wrathful god the arrows rung
 As he came onwards,—on he came in darkness like the night,
 Paused far off from the ships, and sent an arrow on its flight :
 Terrible was the twanging sound of the bright silver bow :
 The mules at first the arrows struck, and laid the swift dogs low, 50
 But next against the men themselves a venomed arrow flew
 And smote,—and still the funeral pyres more fast and frequent grew.
 Nine days throughout the army did the avenging weapons fall ;
 Upon the tenth Achilles did a general council call.
 The goddess, white-armed Hērē, prompted him this step to take,
 Because she saw the Danaäns die, and sorrowed for their sake.
 Now when the men were met together at this chief's request,
 Then rose swift-footed Achilles, and thus the king addressed :

“ O son of Atreus, now I deem that we must homewards run
 Our course retracing, if we would utter destruction shun ; 60
 For war and pestilence combine the Achaians to subdue.
 Come then, and let us of some priest or prophet learn the view
 Or dream-interpreter, for dreams from Zeus are also sent,
 Who can tell why Apollo's rage is thus against us bent :
 Whether he chastens us for vow or hecatomb unpaid,
 And whether, should the cauls of spotless lambs or goats be laid }
 Upon his altar, this destructive mischief may be stayed.” }

Thus having spoken, he sat down. Then rose, and them addressed
 Calchas the son of Thestor, of all augurs far the best.
 All things that were or are or shall be unto him were known. 70
 He had the Achaians in their ships the way to Ilion shewn
 By his prophetic art—the gift Phoibos Apollo shed :—
 Kind was his purpose, wise the words which he before them said.

“Achilleus, well-beloved of Zeus, thou biddest me to shew,
 Whence is Apollo’s wrath, the king of the far-darting bow :
 Therefore I speak :—but covenant thou, give me thy solemn oath,
 Thou wilt support me promptly with thy voice and action both :
 For well I wot one will be wroth, who holds a powerful sway
 O’er all the Argives, one whose word the Achaians all obey :
 And a king’s wrath too weighty is for a humble man to bear ; 80
 For though he for the moment to digest it should appear,
 Yet still it lingers in his breast continuous, until he
 Accomplish it. But thou declare, wilt thou my safeguard be ? ”

Achilleus swift-of-foot replied and said, “Be bold of heart,
 Thy divination tell, whate’er the god to thee impart ;
 For by Apollo, loved of Zeus, to whom ascends thy prayer,
 When thou thy divinations to the Danaäns dost declare,
 No one, while I still live on earth and see the light of day,
 Shall near the hollow ships a heavy hand upon thee lay,
 Of all the Danaäns—no—not though thou Agamemnon name, 90
 Who boasts him now of all the Achaians first in place and fame.”

And then indeed the blameless prophet courage took, and said :
 “’Tis for no vow he chastens us or hecatomb unpaid,
 But for his priest, whom Agamemnon did dishonouring grieve,
 Nor would release his daughter, nor the ransom would receive.
 For this hath the Far-darter sent these woes, and sendeth still,
 Nor from the Danaäns will avert the pestilence, until
 The bright-eyed girl again to her fond father we restore
 Unbought, unransomed, and with her conduct to Chrysē’s shore }
 A sacred hecatomb :—then Him we may with hope implore.” } 100

Thus having spoken, he sat down. Straightway, with anguish stung,
 The hero Atreus’ son wide-ruling Agamemnon sprung
 Upon his feet : his darkened breast was filled with furious ire,
 And his eyes glowed with rage, until they flashed like living fire.

Glaring at Calchas, first on him he poured his angry mood.
 "Prophet of evils, who to me hast never boded good,
 To augur ills and miseries is ever thy delight;
 Thou never yet hast spoken good, nor done the thing that's right.
 And now by thy divining craft to the Danaäns thou wouldst shew,
 That for this cause alone doth the Far-darter send the woe, 110
 Because, forsooth, I for Chryseïs have refused to take
 The splendid ransom. Yes, for greatly I desire to make
 My home her place of dwelling:—much I wish her to be near,
 To live with me. Not even Clytemnestra is so dear,
 She, my own wedded wife, is not so near unto my heart,
 Nor a match for her in form or grace or mind or skilful art. }
 Yet still I'll let the maiden go, if that's the better part.
 'Tis my desire to save the people, not that they should die:
 But then straightway provide ye a reward for me, that I
 Alone of all the Argives may not unrewarded be: 120
 That were not right: and my fair prize, ye see, is leaving me."

To him divine Achilleus swift-of-foot made answer then:
 "Most-famed Atreidēs, fond of gain beyond all other men!
 Large-hearted as the Achaïans are, how shall they find a prize?
 No common treasury have we, from whence to draw supplies.
 Fairly the booties have been shared, drawn from each plundered town.
 It is not meet the people bring again what is their own.
 Do thou the maid unto the god surrender:—we with joy
 Will thrice, will fourfold recompense thee, when well-walled Troy }
 Zeus shall deliver to our hands, to ravage and destroy." 130

Then spoke the kingly Agamemnon, making this reply:
 "Skilled as thou art, godlike Achilleus, cease thy craft to try,
 For thou shalt not outwit me, neither will thy speech persuade.
 Thinkest thou thy reward to keep, the while I thus am made

To sit without one? Dost thou bid me let the maid depart?

Well,—let the Achaians give a prize according to my heart,
A fair equivalent, and fit my recompense to be.

If not,—then I myself will go and bear off thine from thee;

Or the prize of mighty Ajax or Odysseus will I seize,

And let the man to whom I come be angry, if he please. 140

These things, however, later on shall well considered be:

Now let us launch a sable ship upon the mighty sea.

The rowers being gathered, let a hecatomb be stored,

And the fair-cheeked Chryseis then herself be led on board;

To some one of our counsellors the charge we will assign,—

Idomeneus, or Ajax, or Odysseus the divine,

Or thee, most terrible of men; that, the rites duly done,

The favour of the Far-working god may once again be won.”

With look of menace swift-of-foot Achilleus answering cried:

“Ah me! thou clothed with shamelessness, with greed and craft
allied! 150

Thee how can an Achaian ever willingly obey,

Whether upon the march or in the doubtful battle-day?

The Trojans were no foes of mine; in sooth I never came

Here upon their account, 'gainst them I have no cause of blame.

Untouched of them my oxen fed, my horses ranged the plain,

Untouched in deep-soiled Phthia waved my fields of golden grain,

In Phthia, land of heroes:—for there lie 'twixt them and me

Full many a shadowy mountain and the deep-resounding sea.

But thee we followed, shameless one! for thy content and joy,

For Menelāos and for thee, dog-faced, to gain from Troy 160

Amends and honour: yet this service thou dost not regard,

And threatenest now thyself to drag away that sole reward,

That recompense for all my toils which the Achaians gave.

Such prizes as the Achaians proffer thee I never have.

Large gifts hast thou, whene'er the army sacks a well-built town :
 Whereas the chiefest portion of the stirring war alone
 My hands direct : yet when there comes a sharing of the spoil,
 The largest prize is thine ;—whilst I, war-worn and spent with toil,
 Go to my ships with a small prize,—small, yet most dear to me.
 But now to Phthia will I go ;—far better will it be 170
 Homewards with my beaked ships to sail,—think not I'll here remain
 In contumely, that thou mayst spoil and store of wealth obtain."

Then Agamemnon king of men made answer :—"Flee away !
 Flee by all means, if such thy mood :—I ask thee not to stay.
 Many there are about me, who will pay me honour due,
 Good trusty friends, and, most of all, will counselling Zeus be true.
 The hatefullest thou art to me of heaven-descended kings :
 Thou lovest wars and fightings, to thee quarrel pleasure brings.
 Strong as thou art, 'tis to a god thou dost this vigour owe.
 Away then with thy ships and thy companions homeward go, 180
 And king it amongst the Myrmidons. For thee I nothing care,
 Nor heed thy chafing. Hear the threat which I will now declare.
 Phoibos Apollo wills Chryseïs shall not with me stay :—
 My ship and my companions then shall bear the maid away.
 But I thy prize, fair-cheeked Briseïs, will perforce obtain,
 Myself will seize her in thy tent, to prove which of us twain
 Is mightier, and that no one else may ever rashly dare
 To claim equality with me, or think my power to share."

Thus spake he. Peleus' son was stung : within his shaggy breast
 Hither and thither swayed his heart,—whether it were the best 190
 To draw his sharp sword from his thigh, to force his vengeful way
 Through those who stood across his path, and proud Atreidēs slay :
 Or whether check the surging wrath, by which his soul was riven.—
 But while these thoughts through mind and soul contendingly were
 driven,

And his great sword was half-unsheathed : Athênē swiftly bent
 From heaven her course :—her the white-armèd goddess Hērē sent :
 For both the chiefs were dear to her, to both she gave a care. }
 Athênē stood behind, and grasped Peleidēs by his hair,
 Except to him, invisible to all in council there. }

Amazed Achilleus turned him round, nor failed to recognize 200
 Pallas Athênē by her look and keenly-flashing eyes.

At once the hero spoke to her in accents swift and clear.

“Daughter of ægis-bearing Zeus, why art thou present here ?

Is it of Atreus’ son the frantic insolence to view ?

Well,—this I say, and deem my words shall turn out strictly true. }

A fatal day will come, when he this arrogance shall rue.” }

To these indignant words the bright-eyed goddess made reply :

“From heaven I come to stay thy fury, if thou wilt comply :

Me on this mission hath the white-armed Hērē hither sent,

For both of you are dear to her, on both her care is spent. 210

Come then, desist from conflict, take thine hand from off the
 sword,

Yet pour reproaches as they rise with many a biting word.

For this I say, and well I know it shall accomplished be :

Threefold such splendid presents shall he some day offer thee

For this his outrage. But obey us, and thyself restrain.”

Thereupon swift-of-foot Achilleus said to her again :

“O goddess, it behoves me to respect your word, although
 I greatly am incensed in soul : for it is better so.

The gods propitious are to him, who yields to their command.”

He said :—and on the silver hilt pressing his heavy hand, 220

Into the sheath thrust back his mighty sword, nor disobeyed }

Athênē’s counsel. She her flight had to Olympos made, }

To the halls of ægis-bearing Zeus, and Powers with him arrayed. }

But Peleus' son afresh and with invective words addressed
 Atreidēs, nor restrained the wrath still rankling in his breast.
 "Wine-swiller, with thine eyes of dog and with thy heart of deer !
 Thou, when the troops have armed for war, hast ever quailed with fear.
 Thou, when the Achaian chiefs have planned an ambush or surprise,
 Hast shunned to join them : that was death unto thy coward eyes.
 Doubtless 'tis pleasanter within our guarded camp to stay, 230
 And, if one dare against thee speak, to rend his gifts away.
 People-devouring king ! thou surely rulest a feeble race,
 Else this thy latest outrage would have proved thy last disgrace.
 But now I tell thee—and hereon a mighty oath will swear :—
 Yea ! by this sceptre, which again nor leaf nor branch will bear,
 Since first it left its native stock upon the mountain side,
 Nor bud again, because the axe has stripped away its pride
 Of leaves and bark : this in their hands do those Achaians bear,
 Who minister justice, to whose guardian and judicial care
 Zeus doth entrust the laws :—hereby a mighty oath receive. 240
 A time shall come, when all Achaia's sons combined shall grieve
 To have lost my aid ; and thou shalt stand heart-broken, powerless all,
 Whilst the man-slaying Hector smites, and many dying fall.
 Thou shalt then gnaw thy heart with rage, thy very soul be torn,
 Because Achaia's noblest chief thou dardest now to scorn."

Thus spake Peleidēs, and dashed down to earth before his feet
 His sceptre pierced with golden studs, and took again his seat.
 Atreidēs answered wrath with wrath. But swift to interpose,
 The clear-toned Pylia orator, the sweet-voiced Nestor, rose.
 Sweeter by far than honey were the accents from his tongue. 250
 Two generations of mankind had died since he was young.
 Those with whom he had lived in youth and manhood now away
 Were passed, and he in sacred Pylos o'er a third held sway.

With kindly feelings he addressed the wrathful chiefs, and said :
 " Oh shame ! deep grief indeed o'er all the Achaian land is spread.
 Now surely Priam and the sons of Priam may rejoice, .
 And all the other Trojans lift exultingly their voice,
 Should to them your disputes and these proceedings come to light,
 The deeds and words of you, our chiefs in counsel and in fight.
 But be persuaded. You are young and I am very old. 260
 'Mong greater warriors e'en than you was I of yore enrolled.
 They, my fresh youth's companions, did not lightly think of me.
 Such men I never since have seen, nor e'er again shall see :—
 Peirithoös,—Dryas, whom his people did their shepherd deem,
 And Caineus, and Exadios, and the godlike Polypheme,
 And Theseus, son of Ægeus, who with Immortals could compare.
 Strongest of all the men on earth those well-trained warriors were :
 Strongest they were, and with the strongest bravely did contend.
 They on the mountain-haunting Centaurs brought a fearful end :
 And I was of their company : from Pylos' town afar, 270
 From the far-distant Apian land, they called me to the war.
 I came to them and did my best. No one is now in life
 Of earth-born mortals, who might stand 'gainst them in equal strife.
 Yet they gave heed to my discourse, my counsel they obeyed.
 Then be persuaded : for your good it is I should persuade.
 Brave as thou art, take not away the damsel from his side :
 The sons of the Achaians gave the gift : let her with him abide.
 Nor thou, Peleidēs, seek against the king in strife to stand ;
 For never did a sceptred king authority command
 Equal to his, of all whom Zeus hath kings and princes made. 280
 Grant thou art strong and goddess-born—yet should'st thou be
 afraid
 Not to respect him, since so large a people own his sway.
 And thou, Atreidēs, check thy rage : yea, earnestly I pray,

Renounce thy wrath against Achilles, who is a bulwark tried,
A rock of stone to all the Achaians in the battle tide."

To him the kingly Agamemnon answering thus did say:
"All this, old man, thou well hast said, as is thy wonted way.
But this man over all would wish lord paramount to be,
Would domineer o'er all, o'er all would king it royally,
To all would dictate:—well I trow he dictates not to me. } 290
And grant that him the undying gods have made a spearman
strong:—

May he therefore invectives pour and heap injurious wrong?"

At once, with fierce indignant speech Achilles made reply:
"Now surely but a coward slave and worthless wretch were I,
In each and every task to bow to thy directing hand.
Command to others what thou wilt: to me give no command;
For well I wot thou ne'er again wilt me submissive find.
Yet more I tell thee:—ponder well my words within thy mind.
With thee or other for the girl I will not strike a blow.
The gift ye gave ye rob me of:—so be it, let her go. 300
But other things there are of mine, which near my black ship
stand:

On one of these, against my will, dare not to lay thy hand:
Or, if thou wilt, come on and try, that these may surely know
How quickly thy dark heart's-blood shall around my spear-point flow."

Thus having battled in the war of hostile words, they rose.
So did the council at the fleet of the Achaians close.
Peleidēs for his well-poised ships departed and his tent:
With him Menoitīadēs and other dear companions went.
Meanwhile Atreidēs launched forthwith a swift ship on the brine,
Chose twenty rowers, and embarked the offering divine,— 310
A hecatomb:—fair-cheeked Chryseīs then he led on board.
Odysseus the commander was, that shrewd sagacious lord.

When these were gone on board and sailing o'er the watery main,
 Atreidēs then the people charged to cleanse themselves from stain.
 They cleansed themselves, and in the sea away the ablutions poured.
 So cleansed, they next Apollo with full hecatombs adored
 Of bulls and goats, along the shore of the unfruitful sea.
 The savours, wreathed around with smoke, to heaven ascended free.

But Agamemnon, while these things throughout the host were done,
 Ceased not to prosecute the strife which first in threats begun. 320
 This work he bade Talthybios and Eurybatēs fulfil.
 They were his heralds and the zealous servants of his will.
 "Go ye unto the tent, where doth the son of Peleus stay.
 Fair-cheeked Briseīs by the hand thence take, and lead away.
 Should he withhold her, I myself will come and seize the maid,
 Will come with forces such as shall cause him to be afraid."

He said, and forth he sent them charged with this his harsh command.
 Reluctantly they paced along the salt unfruitful strand,
 Until they reached the tents and ships, where lay encamped around
 Achilleus' troops, the Myrmidons :—there him they sitting found. 330
 Be sure Achilleus felt no joy, when he observed them near.
 They at a distance stood in silent reverential fear.
 They ventured not to say a word, nor answer to provoke.
 He in his mind their dread divined, and first to them he spoke.
 "Hail, heralds! Messengers of Zeus as well as of men are ye.
 Come near :—not you, but Agamemnon guilty is towards me,
 Who you, to take Briseīs from me, daringly hath sent.
 Well then, my good Patroclus, bring the maiden from the tent,
 And give her to these men :—but they as witnesses shall stand
 To gods and men and the ruthless king who gave them the
 command. 340

If ever there shall come a time, when they shall need my care
 From all the rest to keep away destruction and despair.—

I'll say no more.—He surely raves in his pernicious mind,
 He cannot see at once what is before him and behind,
 Nor how the Achaians still may fight, and still may safety find.” }

He said. At once Patroclos with his friend's request complied,
 And from the tent fair-cheeked Briseïs brought to them outside,
 And gave into their hands, and they to the Achaian ships returned.
 With sad reluctance went the woman. But Achilleus mourned,
 And straightway left his comrades, and a lonely spot chose he, } 350
 Close by the hoary surf, and looked across the darksome sea,
 There with his hands outstretched he to his mother made his plea. }
 “O Mother! since you brought me forth so short a life to live,
 Zeus, the high thunderer of Olympos, should due honour give.
 But now he grants me not a tittle, whilst bold Atreus' son
 Dishonours me, and takes away the prize myself had won.”

Weeping he spoke: and him his august mother heard, where she
 Sat near her aged sire deep down beneath the briny sea:
 And quickly from the foam emerging, like a mist she came,
 Sat down before him, where he still shed tears of grief and shame, } 360
 Caressed him with her hand, and spoke, and called him by his
 name. }

“My child, why weepest thou? what brings upon thy heart this woe?
 Speak to me, do not hide thy thoughts, that both of us may know.”
 With a deep sigh Achilleus swift-of-foot replied: “Why tell
 To thee all I have suffered, since thou knowest all full well?
 We went to Thêbê, and against Eëtion's city fought:
 We took it, and despoiled it, and the spoils we hither brought.
 Now these Achaia's sons amongst themselves divided fair,
 And for Atreidês chose fair-cheeked Chryseïs as his share.
 But Chrysês, priest of the far-darting Phoibos hither came, } 370
 Even unto the brazen-mailed Achaians' ships, to claim

His captive daughter ; he of ransom brought a boundless store,
 His hands Apollo's fillets on a golden sceptre bore,
 To all the Achaians was his prayer, but chiefly he addressed
 The brethren twain, the sons of Atreus, leaders of the rest.
 Then all the rest with one accord assenting cried, he ought
 The priest to reverence, and accept the ransom which he brought.
 But Agamemnon would not ; he against him steeled his heart,
 And with foul scorn and harsh injunction bade the priest depart.
 In anger went the aged man away, and made his prayer. 380
 Apollo heard it, for his priest to him was very dear.
 Therefore against the Argives he a baneful arrow sent :
 In heaps on heaps the people died : for through the army went,
 Throughout its whole extent, the arrows from the Avenger's bow.
 Then did a prophet skilled in signs Apollo's purpose show.
 I was the first to urge that we the godhead should appease.
 Thereon a sudden burst of anger did Atreidēs seize.
 Upstarted he, and spoke a threatening word,—already done.
 Manned with Achaia's quick-eyed sons, a ship is bearing on
 Chryseïs unto Chrysē, and with her presents for the King. 390
 But her, my maid Briseïs, the Achaians' offering,
 Two heralds now are leading from my tent along the strand.
 Then, if thou canst, around thy child hold thy protecting hand.
 Go to Olympos ;—Zeus implore, if ever to his heart
 Thou didst at all by word or deed a grateful sense impart.
 For often in my father's halls I've heard thee boast, and say
 That from dark-clouded son of Cronos thou didst ward away
 Insult and mischief : among the Immortals thou alone wert found
 To aid him, when the Olympian powers all sought to have him bound ;
 When Hērē with Posēidon and Athēnē made cabal, 400
 Thou cam'st, O goddess, and didst set him free from chains and
 thrall.

Swift, at thy word, the Hundred-handed to Olympos came,
 Whom the gods call Briareös, but men Aigaion name.
 Vastly in strength and courage he his father did exceed :
 Proud at Cronion's side he sat, exulting in his deed.
 Even the blessed gods were cowed, and Zeus they feared to bind.
 Sit thou by Zeus and clasp his knees : him of these things remind.
 If so upon the Trojan side he may be led to fight,
 And the Achaïans, to their ships routed in slaughterous flight,
 May learn their king's true value, and that man of Atreus born, } 410
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon, may himself his folly mourn,
 In that he dared Achaïa's noblest son to treat with scorn."

Thereupon Thetis spoke, and shed, while speaking, many a tear.
 " Ah me ! my child, why did I bear thee ? why unhappy rear ?
 Oh ! how I wish thou by thy ships, exempt from tears and pain,
 Wouldst sit : for brief indeed the life which doth to thee remain.
 But now at once brief-lived thou art, and wretched above all.
 Under an evil fate I bore thee in my palace hall.
 Yet to Olympos' snowy top I'll go to speak for thee,
 To thunder-loving Zeus I'll go :—he may persuaded be. } 420
 Do thou by thy swift-going ships sit quietly at peace,
 Be wroth with the Achaïans, and from warfare wholly cease.
 For Zeus to Ocean, to the blameless Aithiops, yesterday
 Went to a feast ; and with him all the gods are gone away.
 But on the twelfth day to Olympos he'll return, and I
 Will to his brazen-founded mansion then full quickly hie,
 And clasp his knees for thee. I think he'll with my suit comply." }

Thus having said she went away, and there her son she left
 Wrathful in soul, because they had from him unwilling reft
 The fair-zoned woman. But Odysseus came to Chrysë's shore, } 430
 Bearing the sacred hecatomb : and when the ship they wore

Into the bay's deep water, they began her sides to strip,
 Took in the sails, and stowed them close within the sable ship :
 The mast they lowered by the shrouds right soon to its abode,
 And with their oars they onward drove the ship into the road :
 And out they cast the mooring-stones, and down the stern-ropes bound,
 And out they from the ship themselves descended to the ground,
 And out they took the hecatomb for dread Apollo meant,
 And out from the sea-coursing ship fair-cheeked Chryseïs went.
 The maiden to the altar's side then sage Odysseus led, 440
 There placed her in her father's hands, and courteously said :
 " From Agamemnon, king of men, O Chrysēs, I am come,
 To make atonement to the god, and bring thy fair child home.
 Phoibos with a holy hecatomb we would propitiate,
 Who now is sending on the Argives sadly-grievous fate."

He said, and placed her in his hands. The priest his daughter dear
 Received with joy. Then they around the well-built altar near
 Full soon the noble hecatomb in order ready make,
 With hands in lustral water dipped the barley-meal they take,
 And Chrysēs did with upraised hands the God for them implore : 450
 " God of the silver bow, O hear, who guardest Chrysē's shore,
 And holy Cilla, and strong rule in Tenedos dost bear !
 Thou once before didst hear me, when I made to thee my prayer,
 Thou didst avenge me, and great sorrows on the Achaians bring,
 On them that did thy priest misuse, sorrow and suffering.
 Now once again I pray thee to accomplish my desire,
 Now from the Danaäns take off this plague and ruin dire."

Thus praying spake he : and Apollo heard his servant's prayer,
 And granted all that he requested. Then with reverent care
 The sacred meal they threw before them, after all had prayed, 460
 And backwards pulled the victims' necks, and slaughtered them and
 flayed,

Cut out the thigh-bones, placing them within a double fold
 Of the caul's fat, and over all the choicer bits they rolled.
 The aged priest next fired the fagots, and the wine applied.
 Youths, holding each a five-pronged fork, were standing at his side. }
 The choice thigh-portions then they burned, the entrails' flavour tried, }
 Cut up the rest in portions, piercing them on spits quite through,
 And, after roasting skilfully, away the whole they drew.
 But when the work was over, and the banquet set hard by,
 They feasted, and the appetite of all had full supply. 470

Now, after all desire of food and drink had passed away,
 Attendant youths the wine-cups crowned unto the brim, and they
 In ritual order moved around, outpouring wine to all :
 The livelong day in melody upon the god they call,
 Chanting to the Far-working One the lovely Paian-song.
 The god with pleasure heard and looked upon the suppliant throng.
 When the sun set, and darkness o'er the earth began to creep,
 Hard by the stern-ropes of the ship they laid them down to sleep.

But when the rosy-fingered morning in the sky appeared,
 Forthwith towards the Achaian camp their vessel's course they
 steered : 480

To them Apollo the Far-working gave a favouring wind.
 The mast they raise, the fair white sails outspreading to it bind :
 Into the middle of the sail right blew the wind, and strong
 The purple wave roared round the keel, as the ship sped along,
 As through the billows sped the vessel, carving out her way.
 Arrived at length where lay outspread the Achaians' wide array,
 To land and high upon the sands the sable ship they drew,
 And propped her up with long supports : this done, the weary crew,
 Among the tents and ships dispersing, sought their needed rest.
 But the swift-footed son of Peleus still his wrath possessed, 490

He went not to the assembly, from the conflict kept afar,
 Wasting his heart with inward passion, whilst his longings are
 For battle and the battle-cry,—the sound and shock of war. }

Now when, from that day reckoning, the twelfth day's morn had
 come,

All the Immortals back returned to their Olympian home :
 Zeus led the way, the rest all followed. As for Thetis, she
 Forgat not her son's bidding, but emerged from out the sea.
 At early dawn she reached Olympus, mounting through the sky :
 There the far-seeing son of Cronos found she silently
 Sitting apart from other gods upon the topmost steep, 500
 Where round Olympus many a ridge of lesser mountains sweep.
 Seating herself before him, with her left she grasped his knee,
 And with her right hand touched his chin in sign of suppliance.
 So unto sovereign Zeus Cronion earnestly she prayed.
 " O Father Zeus, if I among the Immortals brought thee aid,
 If ever I by word or deed have any service done,—
 Fulfil the thing I ask of thee ; avenge my injured son.
 Fore-doomed to die before the rest, his life cannot be long ;
 Yet Agamemnon king of men hath done him grievous wrong,
 Himself hath reft away his prize, hath ta'en his maid away. 510
 Oh then, Olympian counselling Zeus, avenge my son, I pray ;
 Give victory to the Trojans, till the Achaians to my son
 Render due honour, and give back what he himself had won."

Thus spake she. Cloud-compelling Zeus vouchsafed her no reply,
 But sat long while in silence. Thereon Thetis clingingly
 Held to his knees, as she had grown there :—then again the god
 Besought with prayer :—" Plight me thy word, give thy confirming
 nod,

Or else refuse,—no fear constrains thee,—that I well may know,
 How I among the deities am lowest of the low."

Then mighty Zeus, sore pressed at heart, replied to her address : 520
 “ A harmful business is this, which thou dost on me press ;—
 Hērē to anger, whose reproach my patience sorely tries,
 Who in the presence of the Immortals chides me,—ever cries,
 That in the field of battle I the Trojan arms sustain.
 But now, lest Hērē notice thee, do thou go back again.
 These things shall be a care to me, and their accomplishment.
 Doubt not, but trust me : with my head I nod thee my consent :
 For this from me among the Immortals is the greatest sign,
 Nor change, nor fraud, nor weakness can affect a word of mine,
 Which with my head I ratify, and give the assevering nod.” 530
 He said :—and, lowering his dark eyebrows, then the Cronian god
 Gave her the sign : on his immortal head the locks did shake
 Divinely-beauteous, and the rocks of vast Olympus quake.

So closed the meeting, and they parted. Then straightway did she
 Spring down from bright Olympus deep beneath the flashing sea.
 Zeus went to his own mansion. All the gods assembled there
 Rose up at once to greet their sire ; not one of them did dare
 Sit at his coming : standing all in reverence were they :—
 Zeus to his throne passed on, and sat in royal solemnity.
 But Hērē was not unapprised : she the plots understood 540
 Of silver-footed Thetis, daughter of the old sea-god.
 Therefore forthwith to Cronian Zeus she said reproachfully ;
 “ Now who again among the gods, deceiver ! plots with thee ?
 It always is thy secret pleasure, by thyself apart,
 To frame and settle plans thou never wilt to me impart.
 No, not a word dost thou tell me, but every thing dost hide.”

To her the sire of gods and men thus solemnly replied.
 “ Hērē, hope not that thou wilt ever all my counsels share ;
 Although my wife thou art, they would be hard for thee to bear.

All things indeed, which it is fitting should to thee be shown, 550
 By none among the gods and men before thee shall be known.
 But that which, from the gods apart, I wish in thought to turn,
 Question thou not respecting it, nor seek its aim to learn."

At once the large-eyed queenly Hērē answered him, and said :
 "What speech is this, most awful son of Cronos, thou hast made?
 Surely I never did aforetime question or inquire.

Quite at thy ease thou dost devise all that thou canst desire.
 But now I sorely fear at heart, lest Thetis influence thee, }
 The silver-footed daughter of the old god of the sea. } 560
 Early this morning she sat by, and clasped thee by the knee.
 Wherefore I deem thou hast agreed honour and fame to shew
 Unto Achilles:—to the Achaians suffering and woe."

The cloud-compelling Zeus in answer Hērē thus addressed.
 "Infatuate, still surmising! never from thee I'm at rest.
 Yet all thy strivings will avail thee nothing:—thou shalt be
 More strange than ever:—this will try and vex thee horribly.
 What if it be so?—'tis my pleasure, and it so shall end.
 Now sit thee down, and to my orders see that thou attend,
 Lest all the Olympian gods combined avail thee not, though they
 Should interpose, when on thee my resistless hands I lay." 570

Thus spake he: and the large-eyed queenly Hērē was afraid,
 And, curbing tight her heart, sat down in silence, and obeyed.
 Sore grieved were all the heavenly gods throughout the palace hall.
 Hephaistos, famed artificer, then spoke among them all,
 To his dear mother white-armed Hērē rendering service fair.
 "Pernicious will these doings be, impossible to bear;
 If, for the sake of mortals, still ye two shall thus contend,
 And keep up brawls among the gods:—all joy is at an end,
 Our goodly feasts are spoilt, if worsè counsels are to rule.
 But I advise my mother, what her own good sense should school, 580

To shew all kindly thought to my dear father Zeus, that he
 May not again be angry made, to spoil our revelry.
 For, should he choose, the Olympian with his lightning-bearing hand
 Could dash us from our seats, since no one can his might withstand.
 Then soothe him, mother, and with gentle words appease his mind,
 So will the Olympian unto us propitious be and kind."

He said, and starting up into his mother's hand he pressed
 A double-chaliced goblet, and to her these words addressed.
 "Endure, O mother mine, be patient, troubled though thou be,
 Lest with these eyes, dear as thou art, I should thee stricken see. 590
 For then, however pained I be, no means at my command
 Will aught avail, for hard it is the Olympian to withstand.
 'Twas but of late, when to thy help I hastened once before,
 He grasped me by the foot, and hurled me from the heavenly door.
 All the day long was I borne downwards: at the set of sun
 I fell in Lemnos: verily my life was almost gone.
 There Sintian men took care of me, and saved your fallen child."

Thus said he: and the white-armed goddess Hērē gently smiled,
 And from her son took smilingly the goblet which he bore.
 Next to the other gods did he from left to right outpour 600
 The wine, sweet nectar; from a bowl drawing out large
 supplies. }
 Then did a burst of quenchless laughter from the gods arise,
 As they beheld Hephaistos' bustling limping services. }

Thus the Immortals banqueted, until the sun went down:
 All had such goodly cheer as did their utmost wishes crown.
 Nor lacked they heavenly music from Apollo's beauteous lyre,
 Nor the sweet chantings of the Muses in responsive quire.
 But when the sun was set, and all his radiant light was gone,
 They to their houses went for rest and slumber, every one,

Where the renowned lame-footed god with skilful craft had made 610
For each a mansion, and therein his wondrous art displayed.

To his couch also Zeus, the Olympian lightning-flasher, hied, }
Where he was wont to rest, what time sweet sleep his senses tied, }
There slumbered he, with golden-thronèd Hērē by his side. }

THE SECOND BOOK.



The Argument.

AGAMEMNON'S DREAM. THE TRIAL OF THE ARMY, AN THE
CATALOGUE OF THE FORCES.

ZEUS, mindful of the entreaty of Thetis, sends forth a Dream-god to Agamemnon, exhorting him to lead out the army to battle. Agamemnon first convenes a council of the chiefs, and then a general assembly of the forces, whose spirits and inclination he seeks to prove by recommending an instant return home. Odysseus, advised by Athēnē, checks the troops from carrying out this fallacious design; and Nestor harangues them, and reanimates them for the war. The Achæians at once proceed to arm themselves. The Book concludes with a detailed catalogue of the ships, their commanders and crews, and also a summary of the forces of the Trojans.

THE other gods and helmèd host of men their nightly sleep
Were taking calmly :—but the mind of Zeus no slumbers steep :
Thoughtful was he, self-counselling, how best he might maintain
Achilleus' cause, and on the Achaians pour out wrath and bane.
Now, as he pondered, this the best and surest counsel seems,
Forthwith to send to Atreus' son the phantom-god of dreams.
He spake the word forth-calling him ;—out of his shadowy rest
The Dream-god came ; and Zeus to him these wingèd words
addressed.

“ Away, thou Dream-god, haste away : among the ships alight,
Enter the tent of Agamemnon, when he sleeps to-night ; 10
Truthfully tell him what I tell thee ; charge him with all speed
Arm and array his long-haired host, to do a glorious deed.

Now may he Troy assail, and take that spacious-streeted town,
 And for himself and mailèd troops achieve a high renown :
 For they, that on Olympos' height the heavenly mansions share,
 The Immortal ones, one purpose have,—all won by Hērē's prayer. }
 To him shall glory be,—to Troy disaster and despair."

He spake : the Dream-god passed away, on hearing the command :
 Instantly the swift ships he reached upon the yellow strand.

To Agamemnon Atreus' son he came ; the chief he found 20
 Slumbering within his tent ; ambrosial sleep diffused around.

Close o'er his head the Dream-god stood, in shape like Neleus' son,
 Nestor, his honoured aged friend, and thus his speech begun :

"Son of horse-taming warlike Atreus, art thou taking rest ?
 It fits not that a chief in counsel be with sleep possessed. }

To thee, who hast nations in thy charge I bring the high behest }
 Of Zeus, who watches, feels for thee,—though far from mortal ken :
 He bids thee arm with utmost speed thy host of long-haired men ;
 For now thou may'st assail and take Troy's spacious-streeted town,
 And for thyself achieve a great and glorious renown : 30

Since they that on Olympos' height the heavenly mansions share, }
 The Immortal ones, one purpose have,—all won by Hērē's prayer ; }
 And Zeus hath meted out for Troy disaster and despair.

Then hold this message well in memory, nor forgetful be,
 When from the entrancing bonds of sleep thou once again art free."

Thus saying he departed, and Atreidēs left alone,
 Counsels revolving in his breast, which never shall be done :
 For knowing not what Zeus devised, he hoped that very day,
 Fond foolish man ! to capture Troy and it in ashes lay :
 Whereas on Danaäns and on Trojans Zeus designed to bring 40
 By many a fierce and deadly fight, griefs, groans, and suffering.
 He woke from sleep : still round him spread that dreamy Voice's tone.
 Sitting upright, his new-wrought comely vesture he put on ;

He threw his mantle o'er him, round his feet his sandals laced ;
 His silver-studded belt and sword next on his shoulders placed ;
 Then grasped his firm ancestral sceptre : thus attired he went
 Straight down among the ships and crews, upon his plan intent.

Now had Eös Olympos reached, of dawn the goddess bright,
 Announcing tidings to the gods of fast-approaching light :

Whereat Atreidēs bade the clear-voiced heralds, one and all, 50
 The Achaian chiefs and long-haired troops to an assembly call.

They made the proclamation, and the bands in order met

Full speedily :—but first the elder chiefs Atreidēs set

In secret conclave by the ship of Nestor, Pylian king :

There called he them to council, his design foreshadowing.

“Hear me, O friends ! a Dream-god came in visions of the night,

Most like to Nestor he appeared in form, and mien, and height,

Close at my head the phantom stood, and thus his speech begun :

‘Sleep’st thou supinely, king of men, of warlike Atreus’ son ?

It fits not that a chief in council be with sleep possessed. 60

To thee, who hast nations in thy charge, I bring the high behest

Of Zeus, who watches, feels for thee,—though far from mortal ken :

He bids thee arm with utmost speed thy host of long-haired men ;

For now thou may’st assail and take Troy’s spacious-streeted town,

And for thyself achieve a great and glorious renown :

For they, that on Olympos’ height the heavenly mansions share, }
 The Immortal ones, one purpose have,—all won by Hērē’s prayer, }
 And Zeus hath meted out for Troy disaster and despair.

Then hold this message well in mind.’ This said, he instantly

Vanished, while gentle sleep from its soft bondage set me free. 70

Come then, and let us once again our men to arms incite :

But first I’ll speak to them, and prove their courage for the fight,

My part shall be, to bid them homeward hasten with the fleet,

Be it yours, one here one there, to check them from a base retreat.”

Thus having spoken, he sat down. Then Nestor rose, the king
Of sandy Pylos, words of timely counsel offering.

“O friends,” he said, “Argeian chiefs and rulers, well I deem,
If any other in the host had told this wondrous dream,
A falsehood surely we should call it, and withhold belief:
But now *he* saw it, who amongst us boasts to be the chief. 80
Come then, and let us once again our men to war incite,
Marshal our forces, arm our bands, and for the good cause fight.”

Thus saying he arose, and from the meeting led the way:
Rose all the rest to do him honour, and his word obey,
Albeit sceptred kings. The troops, aroused on every side,
Came crowding to the assembly in a vast and swelling tide.
As from the hollow of a rock come issuing forth the bees,
A thronging ever-moving swarm, close-clustered, down the breeze
In search of spring-tide flowers they speed, and hither thither fly,
Backwards and forwards, parting, meeting, lone, in company : 90
So, issuing from the various tents and vessels of the fleet,
Along the wide and sandy shore the several peoples meet.
In troops they marched to join the concourse, for like fire had spread
The god-sent call, and all who heard it to the assembly sped.
Uproarious was the meeting-place, beneath their feet the ground
Did groan, as down they sat themselves, while murmurs rose around.
With lusty cries nine heralds sought the clamour to allay,
And charged them hear in silence, and what they heard obey.
Full speedily sat down the people, every voice was still,
Each kept his place, intent to hear the orders and fulfil. 100

Then stood forth kingly Agamemnon, holding up on high
The sceptre, which Hephaistos once had wrought so skilfully:
Hephaistos first to Zeus Cronion gave it, sovereign dread;
And he in turn to Argeiphontēs, leader of the dead,

For by this name was Hermēs known ; to knightly Pelops he ;
 And Peleus unto Atreus passed this staff of dignity ;
 Atreus, when dying, to Thyestes left it, warrior bold ;
 And he in turn to Agamemnon gave in trust to hold,
 Wherewith to sway all Argos and the isles that round it lie :
 On this himself sustaining, he addressed them rapidly : 110

“ O friends, O Danaän heroes,—ye, the War-god’s valiant band !
 A grievous doom hath Zeus imposed on me with heavy hand :
 Hard-hearted god and false ! who once a solemn promise gave
 That I should capture Troy, and reach my home across the wave.
 Now has he planned a wicked fraud against me, bids me flee,—
 My people slain, my honour lost,—away ingloriously.
 Such is the will, it seems forsooth, of Zeus supreme in powers,
 Who has indeed of many a town smote down the crowning towers,
 And still will smite, for of the mighty mightiest far is he.
 A shameful story surely this in after-times will be, 120
 That an Achaian force like ours, so large and bravely dight,
 An ineffectual war should wage, and fight an useless fight
 With men so few in numbers. But the whole not yet is told :
 For, supposing we Achaians with the Trojans were to hold
 A truce awhile, and reckon up our men-at-arms with care ;
 The Trojans theirs, each one by one, all that real Trojans are ;
 And we Achaians into decades should our troops combine,
 And then each Trojan take, to pour out for each decade wine ;
 Full many a decade still a man to bear the cup would need :
 So far Achaia’s sons, I ween, do Troy’s real sons exceed. 130
 But succours come from many towns,—spear-wielding warriors they, }
 Who work me great mischance and harm, and from my purpose stay }
 To sack well-peopled Ilion, and bear the spoils away. }
 Now nine long weary years (so Zeus has willed) have come and past ;
 Our ship-sides rotten are, our ropes hang useless on the mast ;

Meanwhile our wives and infant children, sitting sad at home,
 Are weary with expecting us, who still delay to come,
 Because the noble enterprise, for which we manned our fleet
 And hither sailed across the salt-sea waves, is incomplete.

Come then, and as I bid you, be obedient every one ; } 140
 Let us flee hence, and to our dear loved native land be gone ; }
 For never will the spacious streets of Troy by us be won." }

He spake,—and in the breasts of all, who of his secret plan
 Were ignorant, a yearning wish of home-returning ran.

The concourse heaved and swayed,—as when across the Icarian deeps,
 Bursting from out a mass of clouds, the East or South wind sweeps,
 And lifts the great sea from its depths, till with a sudden roar
 Its long white-crested billows onwards roll to reach the shore.

Or as, when o'er some harvest-field a strong West wind is borne,
 By its down-rushing force it bends and sways the ears of corn : 150
 So was that mighty gathering moved : uprising towards the fleet
 With wild halloo they sped ; the dust beneath their hurrying feet
 Cloudlike arose : with hearty cheers they grasp the ships, and strain
 To drag them down the sands, and launch them on the briny main.
 Some cleared the trenches, some the props withdrew, the fasten-
 ings some,—

And to the sky went up the shout of men returning home.

Then would the Argives, in despite of fate, have homewards gone,
 But to Athênē Hērē called, and spake in earnest tone :

" O shame ! shall we be thus of all our hopes and plans beguiled,
 Athênē, say, of ægis-bearing Zeus undaunted child ? 160

Thus homewards to their native land shall these Achaians flee,
 Defeated and disgraced, across the surface of the sea ?

Shall they, forsooth, in such a way concede to Priam's will,
 Leave Argive Helen to the Trojans, and his wish fulfil ?

Her, for whose sake so many brave Achaians on the strand
 Of Troy have perished, far away from their dear native land?
 Stay then this panic and retreat, before the cause be lost:
 Go, and with thy persuasive words man after man accost,
 Address them one and all, persuade them, charge them to abstain,
 Nor from the sands draw down their rocking vessels to the main." 170

So Hērē spake, and glancing-eyed Athēnē from the height
 Of crowned Olympos downwards hastened in impetuous flight:
 Quickly she reached the ships, and there Odysseus standing found,
 That godlike counsellor, unmoved by all the stir around.
 Neither his own nor other's hands upon his ships were laid:
 To him sore vexed in heart and mind, bright-eyed Athēnē said:
 "Son of Laertes, sage Odysseus, must this scandal be?
 Thus backwards to your native land will ye, as cravens, flee
 Close-crowding in your benchèd ships, dishonoured hopelessly?
 What! will ye in this shameful way concede to Priam's will, 180
 Leave to the 'Trojans Argive Helen, and his wish fulfil?

Her, for whose sake so many brave Achaians on the strand
 Of Troy have perished, far away from their dear native land?
 Go then, and shrink not to restrain them, ere the cause be lost;
 Go, and with thy persuasive words man after man accost;
 Speak to them one and all, and firmly charge them to abstain,
 Nor from the sands draw down the rocking vessels to the main."

Thus spake the Goddess; and he heard and understood her
 speech:

Casting aside his cloak, he ran with speed along the beach.
 His serving-man Eurybatēs the garment took,—whilst on 190
 He hasted to meet Agamemnon, Atreus' noble son,
 Received from him his sceptre of authority, and went
 Straight down among the ships and crews, upon his plan intent.

And there, whatever kingly man or chieftain he might meet,
 Stopping, he sought by gentle words to check him from retreat,
 Saying :—" Good Sir, it ill becomes you, coward-like, to fear.
 I pray, sit down thyself, and seat the people who are near.
 Be sure, thou dost not truly know what's in Atreidēs' mind ;
 He tests us now, and may ere long some heavy burden bind
 Upon our backs. Not all of us in council heard him speak. 200
 Beware, lest in his wrath he on the forces vengeance wreak.
 A serious thing it is, when high-born kings to wrath are moved :
 From Zeus their honour, and themselves by mighty Zeus are loved."

But, on the other hand, if he a common man espied
 Making an uproar, him he smote, and loudly thus did chide :
 " Sirrah, keep quiet in thy place, and hear while others speak,
 Who are thy betters : whereas thou unwarlike art and weak,
 Of no account art thou in battle, or in council-room :
 Remember too, all cannot here a kingly part assume.
 An evil matter is mob-rule :—let there be only one } 210
 To rule and reign ;—a king, to whom the all-controlling son
 Of wily Cronos rights assigns,—a sceptre and a throne."

So did he order and control that host of men, and they
 Again unto the meeting thronged from ships and tents away,
 With a deep booming sound, as when with far-resounding roar
 Breaks a huge sea-wave o'er the sands and shingles of the shore.

The other men were sitting down, each in his proper place.
 Thersitēs only still would bawl,—a noisy prate-a-pace ;
 Full many a foul unseemly word he from his lips would send,
 Foolishly daring 'gainst all rule with chieftains to contend. 220
 Whatever jest would please his fellows he was free to say,
 And pour contempt e'en on the kings by open ribaldry.
 The ugliest man was he of all who trod the Trojan ground,
 Lame of one foot and bandy-legged ; his shoulders bent and round

Drawn towards his chest ; above them peered a narrow-pointed head,
 Hairless, but over which a scanty downiness was spread.
 Of Achilleus and Odysseus he was the special foe,
 For ever with them quarrelling : but this time he with low
 And taunting gibes upon the noble Agamemnon turned,
 Regardless of the indignation, which around him burned. 230

“ Atreidēs, what’s the matter now,—what more dost thou require ?
 There’s lots of brass within thy tent, women at thy desire,
 Choice ones and comely ; all the best in face and shape, whom we,
 Whene’er we take a town, do first and freely give to thee.
 Dost thou, besides all these, want gold, the ransom of a boy,
 Suppliantly by his parent to be brought to thee from Troy,
 A youth, whom I have captive led, or else some other brave ?
 Or is it a fresh concubine thou for thy lusts wouldst have ?
 It neither seemly is nor right, that thou, our chief, shouldst bring
 Achaia’s sons for thy own selfish ends to suffering. 240
 O weaklings, baselings we,—Achaian women, and not men !
 Let us go home, leave this man here to nurse his wrath, and then
 Let him discover by the loss what our support has been :
 He, who Achilleus wronged, a soldier braver, better far,
 Wronged and dishonoured,—seized his maiden captured in the war.
 Mild must Achilleus’ temper be, and ready to forgive,
 Or else, Atreidēs, thou wouldst not repeat the offence, and live.”

Thersitēs thus with slanderous words great Agamemnon tried,
 The kingly shepherd of the host : but quickly at his side
 Odysseus stood, and with stern look and angry speech replied : } 250
 “ Thersitēs, though thou be a fluent orator and bold,
 Yet seek not, babbler, with the kings a wrangling strife to hold :
 For this is what I say of thee : of all who hither came
 With the sons of Atreus I could none more truly worthless name.

Then hold thy tongue, nor dare address our chiefs, who all will spurn
 The slanders of a wretch that wants from service to return.
 As yet we know not clearly how this enterprise will end,
 Whether good luck or sad mischance shall our return attend.
 Why dost thou now on Agamemnon these reproaches bring,
 Because the Danaän heroes many gifts are offering, 260
 And shewing him due honours, whereat thou dost carp and rail?
 But one thing I will tell thee, which shall certainly not fail:
 If ever I again shall find thee doing what thou art
 Just at this moment,—talking nonsense, acting the fool's part,
 May this head quit its shoulders, may no man hereafter name
 Me father of Telemachos, but point at me with shame;
 If I don't seize thee, have the garments stripped from off thy hide,
 Thy army-cloak and tunic and thy nether dress beside,
 And pack thee off unto the ships howling with woeful face,
 Whipped out of the assembly with the scourge of foul disgrace." 270

Thus saying, with the sceptre he his back and sides as well
 Smote,—and Thersitēs crouched, and down his face the hot tears fell.
 From out his back a bloody weal beneath the blow up-swelled.
 Instantly he sat down, in body stung, in spirit quelled.
 The troops, though somewhat sorry, yet could not a laugh refrain,
 And thus,—one at another looking,—spoke in merry strain.
 "Ye gods! sure countless services Odysseus us has done,
 By starting useful measures and equipments carrying on
 To aid our conflict: but of all his doings none so great
 As stopping this abusive foul-mouthed fellow from his prate. 280
 I wot his headstrong evil temper will not soon again
 Give way to quarrels and reproaches with our kingly men."

Such was the common talk. Meanwhile, with golden staff in hand,
 Uprose Odysseus, town-destroyer. Athênē took her stand

Beside him, to a herald likened, and as such aloud
 She orders silence to be kept throughout the murmuring crowd,
 That all, the foremost and the farthest, might attention lend
 To hear the words he spake, and thus his counsel comprehend.

Kindly in purpose was his speech: "Atreidēs, sovereign king,"
 He said, "the Achaians would on thee before all nations bring 290
 Severest blame by not fulfilling what they promised thee,
 When from steed-nurturing Argos they came hither o'er the sea,— }
 A home-return, after destroying Ilion utterly. }

For now like little children, or like widowed wives they mourn,
 To one another crying out, 'Oh! when shall we return?'

Doubtless a weary life it is and an unhappy fate,
 For anyone to move about worn and disconsolate.

Since, of a truth, a man is sorely vexed at heart, should he }
 Be but a month detained on shipboard, sailing wearily, }
 When wintry gales drive on the vessel, and a billowy sea. } 300

But now to us the ninth long year is still revolving on,
 And finds us lingering by the ships, and yearning to be gone.

I marvel not, nor blame the Achaians:—yet 'tis a disgrace
 Here to have waited on so long, then empty leave the place.

Yet bear up, friends, and wait awhile, until we really know
 Whether it be the fact, which Calchas prophesies, or no.

For surely this we know full well, and ye are, one and all,
 Witnesses, whom the fates of death as yet delay to call:

Ye know how, whilst at Aulis (sure it seems but yesterday),
 Gathering for vengeance upon Troy, the Achaian vessels lay, 310
 And we around the fountain and the sacred altars there

Full hecatombs for the Immortal gods preparing were;

Beneath a beauteous plane-tree, at whose roots a bright stream flowed,
 Appeared an awful portent:—a strange serpent specked with blood,

Sent by the Olympian ruler, from the darkness with a spring
 Out from the altar to the plane-tree rushed ;—a fearful thing.
 There was a sparrow's infant brood perched on the topmost bough,
 Amid the leaves and blossoms closely hid and cowering low ;
 Eight little ones, o'er whom their mother sate with watchful eyes :
 Ruthlessly he devoured them all, despite their piteous cries. 320
 Next, the poor hapless mother-bird, while round them hovering,
 The deadly serpent coiling round seized by her fluttering wing,
 And killed and ate : but, when he had the brood and parent slain,
 The god, who sent the monster, made it as a sign remain ;
 The son of deeply-counselling Cronos turned it into stone,
 The while we in amazement stood, beholding what was done,
 When in our sacred hecatombs such wondrous works had part."

Then forthwith spake sage Calchas, master of prophetic art :
 "O flowing-haired Achaians, why stand ye in speechless dread ?
 Zeus the Revealer hath hereby a sign discoverèd, 330
 Full late in time, slow in fulfilment, endless in renown :
 For as this snake the brood and mother slew and swallowed down,
 Eight nestlings and their dam the ninth, that watching o'er them sate,
 Even so many years of warfare are ordained by fate :
 But in the tenth year we shall take the spacious-streeted town.
 Thus he foretold, and this event is surely hastening on.
 Come on then, greaved Achaians, here abide ye, one and all,
 Nor quit this spot, till Priam's noble town and towers fall."

So spake he : and the Argives raised a hurrah loud and long :
 The very ships resounded to the vast and shouting throng ; 340
 Such hearty approbation did Odysseus' speech evoke.
 Knightly Gerenian Nestor then arose, and thus he spoke :

"O shame ! more like to babes than men in deep debate ye seem,
 Who the grave circumstance of war a trifling matter deem.

I ask you, where your compacts made with us and oaths are gone, }
 Your plans and counsels, pure libations, plightings? Is there none }
 Of all we trusted to remaining? Is all fealty flown?

In vain we wage a strife of words, for sure no remedy
 Shall so be found, however long our disputations be.

I call, Atreidēs, then on thee: thy purpose hold aright, 350

Unchanged, unchanging: lead the Argives to the sturdy fight.

Those who do flinch, the one or two, who counsel take apart,

Self-seeking cravens! they shall not do what they have at heart;

Who plot to leave for Argos, nor will wait to ascertain,

Whether the pledge of ægis-bearing Zeus be true or vain.

For I maintain, that on the day, when we aboard the fleet

Embarking were, to Trojans bearing slaughter and defeat,

On that same day the almighty son of Cronos gave assent

To our emprise by lightning-tokens in the firmament.

Wherefore I say, let none of us a home-return require, } 360

Before the wrongs and groans of Helen be avenged by fire, }

Slaughter and ravishment,—the furies of our conquering ire. }

Yet if there be a man, who will no longer brook delay,

Let him betake him to his sable ship and haste away,

And by his fleeing meet the very fate he seeks to shun,

Before his braver comrades, who are still for fighting on.

But thou, O king, consider well, and my advice obey;

Assuredly no word shall fail of all that I shall say.

Marshal the men in sections, tribe by tribe, and clan by clan;

So may they best support each other on an ordered plan. 370

If so thou orderest, and the Achæians be compliant, then

Thou shalt discover, who is brave among the chiefs and men,

And who is coward: for unto the conflict they will go

In marked detachments: hereby thou likewise wilt surely know,

Whether the purpose of the gods forbids thee sack the place,
Or cowardice and want of skill are causing this disgrace."

Him answered Agamemnon, king of men, and thus addressed :

"Truly, O aged chief, again in counsel thou art best.

O Zeus, Athēnē, and Apollo! would that I had ten,

But *ten* such fellow-councillors in all my host of men ; 380

Priam's proud city soon should bow its head unto the soil,

Captured by these strong hands of ours, and given to the spoil.

But ah! great ægis-bearing Zeus gives only grief and pain,

Casting my lot 'midst strifes and quarrels impotent and vain.

For I did with Achilleus fight in biting words and strong,

All for a girl ;—and I confess I did begin the wrong.

Oh! if ever we one counsel and one effort shall employ,

Nothing shall for one moment stay the overthrow of Troy.

Now then go all to your refreshment, ere we take the field,

Duly let each his spear-point sharpen, duly brace his shield, 390

Duly let each the fodder place for the swift-footed steeds,

Duly let each look to his car, and think of battle-deeds :

For it may be, that we shall keenly struggle all the day,

Nor for a moment know a pause, nor the fierce fight delay,

Till coming night shall with its darkening shades the combat stay. }

Dripping with sweat shall be the thong of many a guardian shield,

Weary and worn the grasping hand, that doth the falchion wield,

Dripping with sweat the steed, that whirls the shapely car along,

Across the dusty battle-field, amidst the opposing throng.

But should I notice any soldier shrinking from the fray,

And by the beaked ships loitering in indolent delay,

Beyond all doubt he shall become to dogs and birds a prey." }

400

So spake he: and the Argives with a mighty shout uprose,

Like the sea-roar, when on a shelving bank a billow throws

Its swelling strength, what time against a jutting headland steep
 The Southern gale lifts up the waves, which round it rage and leap,
 The sport of every wind that blows, the mark of every wave,
 From whencesoe'er the gusts may blow, the stormy waters rave.
 Uprising they sped on in scattered bands throughout the fleet:
 Among the tents rose smoky flames, where they were taking meat: 410
 They offered to the Immortal Gods,—one here, another there,—
 And to be spared from death and suffering each preferred a prayer.

But Agamemnon, king of men, to Cronos' mighty son
 Offered a bull, fat, five years old, noble to look upon:
 Then summoned all the elder chieftains of the host to be
 Witnesses and partakers of the grand solemnity.
 First Nestor, then Idomēneus, next the Ajāces twain,
 Then Tydeus' son, the sixth Odysseus of the kingly train:
 Of his own will came Menelāos, that brave knightly chief;
 He had at heart, and sought to share, his brother's care and grief. 420
 The bull they placed themselves around, they took the salted cake:
 On the behalf of all in prayer king Agamemnon spake:
 "O Zeus most glorious, mightiest, dwelling in cloudy gloom;
 Let not the sun go down this day and the dim twilight come,
 Before King Priam's palace walls I level to the ground,
 And with the blackening smoke of war the gates and doors surround,
 And my strong weapon through the coat and breast of Hector thrust,
 And many that fight around him prostrate hurl to bite the dust."

So prayed he:—but the son of Cronos answered not his prayer,
 But, whilst he took the sacrifice, repaid with wretched care. 430
 The sacred meal they threw before them, after they had prayed;
 Then backwards pulled the victim's neck, and slaughtered it, and
 flayed;
 Cut out the thigh-bones; these between two folds of fat were laid;
 And over them the choicer portions of the flesh were spread.

All these they burnt with blazing logs, consuming them entire :
 The inner parts they put on spits, and held above the fire.
 When the thigh-parts were burned, and they the entrails' taste had
 tried,

What of the victim's flesh remained they carefully applied :
 They cut it up in portions, and with spits they pierced it through,
 And, after roasting skilfully, away the whole they drew. 440 .

But when the work was over, and the banquet set hard by,
 They feasted, and the appetite of all had full supply.
 Then, after their desire of meat and drink had passed away,
 Gerenian Nestor to Atreidēs thus began to say :
 " Most noble son of Atreus, king of men ! let no one stay
 Debating any longer nor the appointed work delay,
 Which now the god assures us of :—but let the people meet,
 Called to the coming conflict by the heralds through the fleet.
 Whilst we, their chiefs, the broad host traverse, and our strength unite
 To rouse their martial ardour and prepare them for the fight." 450

So spake he : nor did Agamemnon his advice withstand,
 But straightway to the clear-voiced heralds issued his command,
 Charging them call on every side the Achaian troops to war.
 The proclamation issued, they at once from near and far
 Thronged to the place of meeting, where Atreidēs and his band
 Of kingly chiefs moved through the ranks, instructing where to stand.
 With them the glancing-eyed Athēnē hither thither passed,
 Holding on high her ægis-shield; exceeding-precious, vast,
 Unperishing, immortal, from whose orb suspended swung
 A hundred tassels all of gold, priceless, in order hung : 460
 With this she traversed the Achaians, meteor-like,—the call
 Sounding of battle,—rousing courage in the hearts of all,—
 Resolve to fight a dauntless fight, to conquer or to fall. }

At once to all the host it seems far sweeter to withstand
 Their foemen, than on shipboard seek to gain their native land.

As when a fire devours a forest on a mountain's side,
 The blaze of the consuming flames out-flashes far and wide :
 So of the advancing lines their armour-splendours wide and high
 Gleamed far across the battle-plain, and upwards to the sky.
 And as the numerous tribes of birds careering on the wing, 470
 Of geese, or cranes, or long-necked swans, in mid-air hovering
 Over the marshy Asian meads, beside Cäyster's stream ;
 Now here they glint rejoicingly, now there their pinions gleam, }
 As down they settle, the morass rings with their clanging scream. }
 Even so those tribes and nations, issuing from the tents and fleet,
 Poured forth upon Scamandros' plain : the earth beneath their feet,
 Quick-beaten by the prancing horse-hoofs, gave a fearful sound :
 And there they halted for a space upon the flowery ground
 Beside Scamandros' oozy wave,—in numbers, arms, and powers
 Countless and various, as the leaves and buds in springtide hours. 480
 Like the thick buzzing swarms of flies, which to the folds resort,
 Or round the stalls, where kine are milked, in the hot summer sport :
 In no less numbers did the long-haired Argives then deploy
 Along the plain, a marshalled host, to crush the strength of Troy.

As skilful goatherds know their goats upon a broad hill's side,
 And when they mix with other flocks, can easily divide :
 So did the chiefs arrange their troops,—some here and others there,—
 To close their ranks, and lead them all well-banded to the war.

Pre-eminent was Agamemnon in his kingly might,
 Like thunder-loving Zeus he seemed in aspect and in height, 490
 Equal to Arēs in the breadth and circuit of his zone,
 In the broad fulness of his chest like unto Posëidon.
 As in a herd the lordly bull conspicuous appears,
 Bearing himself right proudly 'mong the cows and lesser steers :

Such, and so grandly eminent, on that eventful day,
Did Zeus the son of Atreus 'midst the hero-chiefs display.

Now tell me, Muses, ye who dwell on the Olympian steep,
For ye were present, Goddesses, and all in memory keep :
Whereas *we* only rumours hear, and nothing know aright :
'Tell me, who were the leaders and the marshals of the fight. 500
The number of the chiefs and men *I* may not count nor tell,
Not though I had ten tongues, ten mouths, an utterance as well
That will not break nor weary ever, and besides a breast
Of more endurance than the strength of hardest brass possessed,
Unless, Olympian Muses, mighty Zeus's daughters, ye
Of all, who came to Troy, the names and numbers tell to me.
But now, ye aiding me, I will the ships in order name,
All of them ;—also who on board as their commanders came.

<p>All the brave men that in Boiotia were to warfare bred, Arcesilāos, Clonios, and Prothōēnor led, Peneleos and Lēitos these chiefs accompanied. All who in Hyria dwelt, and Aulis famed for rocks of stone, Schoinos and Scōlos and the lofty-wooded Elēōnon, Graia, Thespēia, Mycalēsus with its spacious glade ; Who in Eilesios, Harma, Erȳthraē their homes had made ; Who Elēon occupied and Hȳlē and fair Pētēon, Ocalēa and Medēon, that well-constructed town, Copæ, Eutrēsis, Thisbē, that for wild-doves doth surpass, And Coronēia, and Haliartos, rich in meadowy grass ;</p>	}	510
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All who Plataea occupied, and were in Glissa known, 520
 Inhabitants of Hypothēbē, that well-ordered town ;
 They of Onchestos, where Posēidon has a grove and shrine,
 They of Mideia, and of Arnē, famous for its wine,
 Dwellers in utmost Anthēdon and Nissa the divine :
 From all these coasts, in general, full fifty sail were sent,
 And six score strong Boiotian youths in every vessel went.

They of Orchomēnos and Asplēdon,—each a noted place,
 Ruled by Ascalēphos and Iālmen, chiefs of martial race,
 Whom the fair maid Astyōchē to mighty Arēs bore
 In Actor's house :—as she went up into a higher floor, 530
 The War-god secretly compressed her. In command of these
 Did thirty hollow-bottomed barks divide the billowy seas.

The Phocians were by Schēdios and Epistrōphos led on :
 Each of these chieftains was of valiant Iphitos a son.
 These Phocians Cyparissos held and Pytho's rocky strand,
 Daulis, and holy Crissa, and the Panopēan land,
 Or from Anemorēia and Hyampōlis did come,
 Or near the waters of divine Cephissos had their home,
 Or held Lilaia, where the fountains of Cephissos spring ;
 All these did forty sable ships to join the army bring. 540
 The leaders posted well their ranks, and held them in command,
 Near the Boiotians on the left they stood, a mailed band.

Ajax the less, Oileus' son, the Locrians led to war,
 Not like to Ajax Telamon, but a lesser man by far :
 Slight-made he was, and, when in arms, a linen corslet wore,
 And had a name for spear-craft all the others far before.
 His people Cynos, Opōeis, and Calliros occupied,
 Bessa, and Scarphē, and Augēia clad in nature's pride,
 Tarphē and Thrōnios, nigh to which Boāgrios pours its tide.

The Locrian folk, who dwell beyond Eubœia's sacred strand, 550
Came to the war in forty ships, under this chief's command.

The courage-breathing Abantēs, Eubœia's sons, who dwell
In Chalcis and Eiretria and Dion's citadel,
Who tenant vine-clad Histiaia, and Cerinthos by the sea,
Or of Carystos or of Stýra claim the men to be :
The chieftain Elephēnor, an offshoot of Arēs dread,
Surnamed Chalcōdontiadēs, these bold Abantēs led.
Men swift of foot were they, whose backs their trailing hair did hide,
Warriors, who wielded spears with ashen shafts, and fiercely tried
To burst the foeman's corslet through, and drain his best heart's
blood. 560

Under this leader forty vessels clove the salt sea's flood.

The denizens of Athens, that well-built and noble place,
Erectheus' chartered people. Of an earthborn native race
Was he, born of Arūra the corn-giver, but upbred
And by Athēnē, Zeus's daughter, always nurturèd.
She settled him secure in Athens, in her own rich fane :
There, year by year, fat bulls and lambs are in her worship slain
By all the Athenian dwellers, youths and maidens, young and old.
Menestheus, son of Petēos, did these in order hold.
No man of all that lived on earth could his co-equal be 570
In marshalling for war both steeds and shielded chivalry.
Nestor alone his rival was, and he was older far ;
Fifty dark galleys came with him unto the Trojan war.

Ajax led forth from Salamis twelve ships : each with its crew,
Hard by the Athenian stations, he in battle-order drew.

All who held Argos, and did well-walled Tiryns occupy,
Hermionē and Asinē, which in a deep bay lie.
Who Trœzen keep, and Epidauros, where the wine-grapes thrive ;
Brave hearts, who in Ægīna and the lands of Masēs live ;

These were led on by Diomēdēs, brave in war's alarms, 580
 He their commander was in chief, and marshalled all to arms.
 Next to him Sthenēlos, the son of far-famed Capaneüs.
 Then Euryālos, the god-like heir of kingly Mecistēus :
 This chief was of Talaion's race, and third in the command.
 Eighty dark vessels bore these forces to the Trojan strand.

All who Mycēnæ, that well-built and lordly fortress held,
 Corinth the wealthy, Cleōnæ that in its site excelled,
 Araithyrēa's lovely seat, Ornēia's pleasant plain,
 And Sicyon, wherein King Adrastus was the first to reign,
 Hyperēsia's walls, and Gonōessa's steep and lofty town : 590
 All in Pellēnē holding dwellings, and in Aigion ;
 The men of Helicē, and all who tenant the sea-strand :
 A hundred ships bore these to battle under the command
 Of Agamemnon, Atreus' son : the largest and the best
 Of all the peoples followed him. He wore a flashing crest,
 Rejoicing that the other heroes he excelled so far,
 In that he mightiest was, and led most peoples to the war.

Inhabitants of Lacedæmon's cliff-girt sunken home,
 Pharē, and Sparta, Messa, whither oft the wild-doves come,
 Brisēia's and Augēia's lands, strong Lāas, Oitylon, 600
 Amȳclæ, Helos' harbour-town, that the sea beats upon :
 All these in sixty ships did valiant Menelāos bring,—
 But they were armed and separate from the forces of the king.
 The chief himself went with them, strong in purpose, quick in call, }
 Urging them to the fight ; for he was eager above all }
 To avenge the rape of Helen, and her groans and wretched fall.

All who did Pylos tenant and Arēnē's lovely space,
 Thrȳon a ford of Alphaios, Aipū a well-built place,
 Amphigenēia, Ptēlēon, Hēlos, Cȳpārisseis,
 And Dorion, where the Muses met the Thracian Thamyris. 610

He, from Oichālĭa coming, by Eurȳtos took his way,
 There met and boasted to excel the Muses, if but they,
 Of ægis-bearing Zeus the daughters, would the trial make.
 They, in their wrath, smote him with blindness, and away did take
 The heavenly gift of minstrelsy, so that he lost his skill. }
 These troops were ordered by Gerenian Nestor at his will, }
 And they, in all, did ninety smoothly-hollowed vessels fill. }

All those, who were inhabitants of the Arcadian land,
 Below Cyllēnē's mount, just where the Aipytian tomb doth stand.
 There the men love close-fighting:—who in Phēneos have their
 home, 620

Or who did from Orchomēnos in sheep abounding come :
 Dwellers in Rhīpē, Stratia, and on Enispē's hill,
 That wind-swept steep, in Tēgēa and by Mantinēa's rill :
 They that Stymphālos held, and fair Parrhasia occupied ;
 For these Ancaios' valiant son twice thirty ships supplied,
 The kingly Agapēnor:—every bark was fully manned
 With stout Arcadians, skilled in fight, a fine and warlike band.
 Those well-benched ships did Agamemnon, king of men, bestow,
 To pass these warriors o'er the sea, who did no sea-craft know.

The dwellers in Buprāsion and in Elis the divine } 630
 All that the bounds of Myrsinos and Hyrminē define, }
 The Olenian cliff, and all that lies within the Aleisian line. }
 Of these there were four captains, and for every captain ten
 Swift-sailing barks: on board were also many Epeian men.
 Two squadrons Amphimāchos led on and noble Thalpios,
 One was of Ctēatos the son, and one of Eurytos,
 The third was by Diōrēs, son of Amarynceus led, }
 Over the fourth the godlike Polyxeinos was the head, }
 Whose father was Agasthēnēs, and he of Augēās bred. }

They from Dulichion and the sacred isles beyond the seas, 640
 That over against Elis lie, named the Echīnadēs,
 Them Megēs led, who e'en Arēs to rival did aspire,
 Phyleus, a horseman dear to Zeus, was that bold leader's sire :
 He, quarrelling with his father, passed to the Dulichian land :
 Now forty sable war-ships mustered under his command.

Odysseus of the noble-hearted Cephallenians stood
 The chief:—these dwelt in Ithaca, and in the quivering wood
 Of Neritos,—or Aigilips, Zacynthos, Samos keep,
 Or occupy the mainland shore, across the sea-stream deep.
 Odysseus led these forces, like to Zeus in counsel, he :— 650
 Twelve scarlet-sided vessels went with him across the sea.

Thoas, the son of Andraimon, led the Ætolians well,
 Them that in Pleuron, Olēnos, and strong Pylēnē dwell,
 Chalcis that stands beside the sea, and rocky Calydon :
 For now no more of Oineus' sons survived : he too was gone.
 Meleagros of the yellow hair,—he too was sometime dead :
 Wherefore to rule the Ætolians Thoas was commissioned,
 And so he forty sable ships under his orders led. }

Spear-famed Idomēneus the Cretans marshalled,—all who keep
 Cnossos, Milētos, Lyctos, and Lycastos' chalky steep, 660
 The fortress Gortyn, Phaistos, Rhytion, towns well built and neat,
 With all the rest, who have their homes in hundred-citied Crete.
 All them spear-famed Idomēneus assembled at his side,
 And Meriōnēs, a match for Arēs the dread homicide. }
 With these on board eighty dark ships across the waters plied. }

Tlepolēmos Hēracleidēs, a mighty chief and true,
 From Rhodes led out nine ships, each manned with a bold Rhodian
 crew.

Their towns were as a triple state within that island bound,
 Lindos, Iālyssos, and Cameiros built on chalky ground.

Tlepolēmos the spear-renowned led on to battle these, 670
 Him the maid Astyocheia bore to mighty Heraclēs,
 Whom captive out of Ephÿrē from Sellēis' stream he brought,
 Where many towns of high-bred warriors he had hurled to naught.
 Now this Tlepolēmos, within a well-built palace bred,
 In pride of youth the blood of his maternal uncle shed,
 Licymnios, of a martial stock, but then advanced in age :
 Instantly he built galleys, hastened followers to engage,
 Fled o'er the sea, to escape of other sons the threatening rage,
 Yea—of sons' sons, abiding there,—men from Herāclēs sprung ;
 And in his wanderings came to Rhodes, with woes and sorrows
 wrung. 680

There they dwelt threefold, tribe by tribe :—Zeus was their friend
 and guide,
 Who o'er the affairs of gods and men doth regally preside :
 On them the son of Cronos poured of wealth a wondrous tide.

Nireus from out of Symē did three goodly vessels bring,
 Nireus, the son of Aglāia and Chārōpos the king,
 Nireus, most beautiful of all who came to Ilion's strand,
 Save Peleus' son :—but he was weak, and led a scanty band.

All those who occupied Nisÿros, Casos, Crăpăthos,
 The Calydnian isles, and Cos, the city of Eurypÿlos ;
 Them Pheidippos and Antiphos led on ; the sons were they 690
 Of Thessalos ; and thirty barks under their orders lay.

Now of those in Pelasgian Argos living will I tell,
 Who in Alos, and Alōpē, or in rough Trachis dwell,
 Who Phthia occupy and Hellas, land of women fair,
 And Achaians, Hellēnēs, or Myrmidons entitled are.
 Achilles held command of fifty vessels manned with these :
 But little recked they now of conflict and the battle-cries,

For there was none to marshal them, and lead them to the fray,
 Since the time when divine Achilleus did in idlesse stay,
 Wroth for fair-cheeked Briseïs' loss, whom from Lyrnessos' spoils 700
 Himself had brought away, the sole reward of all his toils,
 When he laid waste Lyrnessos, and the walls of Thēbē o'erthrew,
 And the spearmen Epistrōphos and sturdy Mēgēs slew,
 Who sons were of Euēnos, kingly Selēpiadēs ;
 So for the maid he grieving lay :—but shall ere long arise.

Who tenant flowery Pyrrhāsos, Demētēr's sacred space,
 And Phylacē, and Itō, of fine sheep the breeding-place,
 And Antron close beside the sea, and grassy Pteleon :
 All these were troops whom brave Protesilāōs once led on
 Whilst he was living :—but the dark earth then his corpse con-
 tained, 710

And his sad wife with mangled cheeks in Phylacē remained,
 Where was his house half-finished :—he was by a Dardan slain, }
 As he was leaping from his ship upon the Trojan plain, }
 The foremost of the Achaian chiefs the contest to maintain.
 Yet not, even so, had they no leader, though they missed the dead :
 Podarcēs, a brave warlike scion, all their forces led,
 Son of Phylacidēs Iphiclos, who of the fleecy breed
 Was a large owner. Podarcēs his brother did succeed.
 Protesilāōs greater was in age and mind and might :
 Yet wanted not these troops a man to lead them to the fight, 720
 Though much they missed their hero-chief, a man so good and brave :
 Forty dark vessels conveyed these across the salt sea-wave.

Who dwelt in Phēræ, and in Bolbē and its lake along,
 In Glaphŷræ, and in Iōlchos firmly-built and strong,
 These joined the rest in eleven ships : Eumēlos led them on ;
 He of Admētos by divine Alcestis was the son ;

Alcestis, who of Pelias' daughters fairest was by far :
 These soldiers, by Eumēlos gathered, came unto the war.

They, who Methōnē and Thaumasia claim to be their own,
 And Meliboia occupy, and rugged Olizon, 730
 Of these was Philoctētēs leader, skilled in archery :
 Seven ships, each worked by fifty rowers, bore them o'er the
 sea.

Well-practised also were these oarsmen sturdily to fight :
 But he himself was lying in a sad and wretched plight
 In Lemnos' holy isle :—there him Achaia's sons had left
 By the pernicious Hydra bitten, and of ease bereft :
 There he lay suffering. But the Argives at their ships will learn
 Ere long for kingly Philoctētēs wistfully to yearn.
 These troops longed for their noble chief : yet not unled were
 they :

Medon, Oileus' bastard offspring, did their ranks array, 740
 Whom Rhēnē bore to Oileus, that city-waster brave.

They, who their homes in Tricca and in rough Ithōmē have,
 Who occupy Oichalia, of Eurytos the town :
 Two chieftains led them, who were also healers of renown,
 Podāleirios and Machāon, both from Aisculapios sprung :
 Thirty good barks of theirs were ranged the other ships among.

Who dwelt near Hypereia's fount and in Ormenios,
 By the white peaks of Tetānos, and in Asterios,
 Euēmon's son, Eurypýlos, led these into the field ;
 Whose towns did forty sable ships for the encounter yield. 750

Those, who Argissa and Gyrtōnē claim to be their own,
 And Orthē and Elōnē and the white Olōōson,
 Polypoitēs staunch in battle these to marshal did aspire,
 Peirithōos' son, of whom immortal Zeus himself was sire.

(Hippodameia bore him to Peirithöos on that day,
 When he the shaggy Centaurs punished, and drove far away, }
 Thrusting them out from Pelion to where the Aithices stay.) }
 Not single-handed,—for with him conjoined was Leonteus,
 A martial scion, offshoot of the daring Coroneus.

With these on board went forty sable ships in company. 760

But Gouneus out of Cyphos led nineteen dark ships and three :
 Him the Eniënēs followed, and Peraiboi firm in fight,
 Who have their habitations round Dodōna's wintry height,
 Or on the lovely banks of Titarēsios till the ground,
 Which into the Peneios pours with a sweet rippling sound,
 Yet mixes not its waters with that silver eddying river,
 But flows, like oil, upon its surface, intermingling never ;
 Outbursting from the Stygian water its swift current winds,
 That water of the solemn oath, which e'en Immortals binds.

Prothoös the bold Magnētēs led, who dwell beside the stream 770
 Of the Peneios, and where quivering woods on Pelion gleam :
 Tenthredon's quick impetuous son these forces onwards led
 In forty dusky galleys, which the fleet accompanied.

Now these the leaders of the Danaäns and their rulers were.
 But who the grandest, noblest far, O Muse, to me declare ;
 The grandest man,—the noblest steeds,—that with the Atreidæ
 came.

The noblest steeds were those, whose breed of Phērēs bore the name,
 Driven by Eumēlos,—fleet of foot, resembling birds in flight,
 Like-maned, like-aged, by plummet's measure quite of level
 height :

These did the silver-bowed Apollo in Piëria rear, 780
 Both of them mares ; yet bearing on before them flight and fear.

' Of warriors Telamonian Ajax was the first and best,
 What time Achilleus nursed his wrath ; for *he* was mightiest.
 So were the steeds, which the reproachless son of Peleus bore,—
 But he was lying listless at his ships upon the shore,
 Enraged at Agamemnon, son of Atreus, sovereign king.
 His people on the rough sea-marge their sports were following,
 Themselves amusing with the quoit, casting the hunting-spear,
 Shooting their arrows at the target, while their steeds stood near
 Each by its chariot, champing lotos and their savoury food, 790
 The marsh-grown parsley. All the chariots of the princes stood
 In the tents covered up : the men, lacking their ruling head,
 Abstained from war, and here and there along the encampment spread.

But the great army moved, as spreads a fire along the ground,
 And the earth shook beneath their tread with a low groaning sound,
 As when the thunder-loving Zeus once scourged the hills in wrath,
 In Arimē, where Typhōeus (as they say) his chamber hath.
 So underneath the footsteps of the Achaian host so vast
 Groaned the firm earth ; as o'er the plain they rapidly marched
 past.

Meanwhile wind-footed Iris swiftly to the Trojans brought 800
 From ægis-bearing Zeus a message with sad tidings fraught :
 And they a special meeting held at Priam's palace-gate,
 All,—young and old,—assembled there in serious debate.
 Then spake swift-footed Iris, close to Priam standing by,
 Like to Politēs, Priam's son, in voice and symmetry,
 Who, to his fleetness trusting, as a watcher did assume
 A post upon the summit of old Aisÿêtes' tomb,
 Waiting to see, when from their ships the Achaian forces broke :
 Wearing his semblance, wind-swift Iris thus her mandate spoke :
 " O sire, the words which, thou dost speak, too oft uncertain are, 810
 Still harping upon peace : but war is on us,—stubborn war.

I verily in many a battle have an actor been,
 But never yet such and so great a marshalled host have seen.
 To fight against our city, they are marching o'er the land,
 Numberless as the forest-leaves, or as the drifting sand.
 But, Hector, unto thee I chiefly would this work advise :
 Seeing there are in this great city many brave allies,
 But all so various is the speech of men from various lands,—
 Let each chief give his orders to the troops which he commands ;
 And let each lead his townsmen forth, arranged in order due.” 820

So spake she. Hector heard the message and the giver knew.
 At once he closed the meeting ; and they cry, “To arms, to arms.” }
 Wide open all the gates are thrown, and out the army swarms,
 Footmen and horsemen. All around is the din of war's alarms. }

There stands before the city, some way off, a hillock steep,
 On either hand the chariot-roads beside its circuit sweep.
 Men call it Baticia, but to the Immortals it is known
 As the monument of famed Myrinna, the far-springing one.
 There were the Trojans marshalled, and the allies in due array ;
 The mighty bright-helmed Hector of the Trojans led the way, 830
 And after him, arrayed in corslets, wielding the long lance,
 The largest part and bravest men of all the host advance.

Anchises' goodly son, Aineias, led the Dardan line :
 Him unto great Anchises bore Aphroditē the divine
 In Ida's glen : goddess with mortal joined in love's embrace.
 He led them not alone : two chieftains of Antēnor's race,
 Archilochos and Acāmas led also, men of skill.

But those that in Zeleia dwelt, at the foot of Ida's hill,
 Trojans of wealthy race, who drank Aisēpos' darkling wave,
 Of these Lycāon's son was leader, Pandaros the brave, 840
 That splendid archer, unto whom Apollo gave a bow.

But those, who Adrasteia held and Apāsos with its low

And level district, Pityeia, Tērē's lofty height,
 These Amphios of the linen corslet guided to the fight.
 With him Adrastos,—of Percōsian Merops sons were they,—
 Both of them well-belovèd; and their father knew the way
 Pre-eminent of divinations; and vainly would persuade
 His children to avoid this war: but he was not obeyed. }
 The destinies of gloomy death them willing captives made. }
 Those who held Practios and Percōtē, and that sea-coast line, 850
 And Sestos and Abȳdos, and Arisbē the divine,
 Asios, a son of Hyrtācos, led them with ruling hand,
 A chief of warriors he, who held them under strict command:
 From Sellēis' foamy river and Arisbē's town he came,
 Borne to the war by steeds, whose eyes flashed like a living flame.

Pylaios and Hippothōos the Pelasgian levies led,
 Men, whom Larissa's richly fruitful soil had nourishèd:
 They were Pelasgian Lēthos' sons, of the stock of Teutāmas.
 The Thracians were by Peirōs led and heroic Acāmas,
 As many as the impetuous flood of Hellespont enclosed. 860
 Euphēmos the Ciconian spearmen at his will disposed,
 Who from Troizēnos, son of Cēas, boasted to descend.
 Pyraichmēs brought the Paionians onward,—archers they, who bend
 Short crooked bows: from Amydon they came, and the broad wave
 Of Axios, whose beauteous current doth a fair land lave.
 Pylaimenēs of the shaggy breast the Paphlagonians led
 Out from among the Enēti, where the wild mules are bred,
 Who hold Cytōros, Sesāmos, Cromnā, the Erythine steep,
 Who Aigiālos and the banks of the Parthenian river keep.

But Hodios and Epistrōphos brought the Alizonian force 870
 From afar off, from Alȳbē, where of silver is a source.
 Chromis and the augur Ennomos the Mysians did command,
 Who could not with his auguries the strength of death withstand,

But he succumbed beneath the hands of fierce Aiacidēs,
In the river, where Achilles slew Troy's sons and their allies.

Phoreys and brave Ascanios the Phrygians brought to war,
Men eager for the fray, who from Ascania came from far.
Under Mesthlēs and Antiphos, Pylaimon's sons, did fight
All the Mæonians, whom the lake Gygaia brought to light;
They also led Mæonians under Mount Tmolos bred. 880

Next Nastēs the rude Carians, in speech barbarians, led:
These occupied Milētos and the leafy Phtheirian steep,
Mæander's currents, and the heights that round Mycalē sweep.
Amphimāchos and Nastēs, Nomion's sons, these troops did guide,
Amphimāchos, who came tricked out with gold, just like a bride.
O simpleton! this served him not to ward off fatal woe, }
But in the river he succumbed beneath the deadly blow. }
Achilleus slew him, and the gold did in his tent bestow. }

The Lycian force Sarpēdon led with Glaucos brave and good;
These came from far-off Lycia and Xanthos' whirling flood. 890

THE THIRD BOOK.



The Argument.

THE SINGLE COMBAT BETWEEN MENELĀOS AND PARIS.

THE armies being ready to engage, Hector steps forth, and proposes a single combat between Menelāos and Paris, the issue of which shall decide the fate of Helen and the conclusion of the war. Iris is sent from Olympos to call Helen to behold the fight, and leads her to the walls, where Priam sat with his counsellors observing the Achaian chiefs on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the principal men among them. The combat ensues, wherein Paris is overcome, but is saved from death by Aphroditē, being snatched away in a cloud, and transported to his home in Troy. The goddess then calls Helen to him from the walls. Agamemnon, on the part of the Achaians, demands the restoration of Helen, and the fulfilment of the terms of the truce.

Now when arrayed they stood, each with their leaders, for the fight,
 With clangs and cries the Trojans rushed, as wild birds in their flight :
 Just like the clanging sound of cranes, heard in the front of heaven,
 Which, fleeing from the wintry cold and by the fierce storm driven,
 Wing on their way to Ocean's streams with shrilly-sounding cry,
 To warrior Pygmies bearing death and slaughterous destiny,
 High up in air forth-threatening the deadly strife to wage.
 But silently marched on the Greeks, their spirits breathing rage,
 Intent each other to support, and in close rank engage. }

When spreads along the mountain-tops, borne by the South-west
 wind,

10

A mist, to robbers dear as night, to shepherds most unkind ;
 So far one sees before him as a sling a stone can cast.
 So rose beneath their moving feet the eddying dusty blast,
 As at full march the meeting hosts the battle-field o'erpast. }

And now when onwards pressed the hosts, nearer and nearer on,
 Foremost, as champion of Troy, the godlike Paris shone.
 Athwart his back a leopard's skin and flexile bow he wore,
 And sword depending;—but in hand two brass-tipped spears he
 bore,

Waving them, and forth-challenging each Argive chief to try
 Whose strength in the dread conflict should obtain the victory. 20

Him when the warlike Menelāos thus proceeding spied,
 Far in advance of all the throng moving with stately stride;—
 As joys a lion, when he lights upon some noble prey,
 The carcase of a hornèd stag or wild goat in his way,
 Ravening with hunger he devours it, though to scare him try
 A crowd of hunters and of hounds pursuing at full cry :—
 So Menelāos filled with joy, when Paris he descried,
 Resolved to avenge him on his foe, and quell the sinner's pride :
 From out his car with all his arms he leapt upon the ground.
 No sooner did the godlike Paris see him, hear the sound, 30
 See him among the foremost fighters, than his heart misgave,
 And back amidst the crowd he shrank, his recreant life to save.

As when a man a serpent sees down in a mountain vale,
 Suddenly sees it and recoils, his cheeks all ashy pale,
 Back he retreats, while fearful tremblings all his limbs assail :
 Thus, deep among the Trojan ranks, cowering and terrified
 Because of Atreus' son, himself did godlike Paris hide.

Him Hector noticed, and with words of bitter scorn did greet :
 “ False wretched Paris ! woman-mad ! thou beautiful deceit !
 Unborn thou shouldst have been, or born thou shouldst have
 died unwed ;
 This do I wish, for better far it were that thou wert dead,
 Than we should be in others' sight disgraced, dishonoured. 40

Surely with scornful laugh the Achaian long-haired ranks will say,
 Thee for thy pretty face we chose as champion of the fray.
 There's neither strength nor courage in thee: should then such as
 thou,

Gathering a band of comrades, with thy ships the wide sea plough,
 Mingle with strangers, and away by stealth a woman bear,
 One near akin and dearly loved of men expert in war?
 Unto thy father, city, people bringing bane and blame;
 Unto our foes malignant joy; to thee disgrace and shame? 50
 Thou couldst not Menelāos (so it seems) in battle bide:—
 Else thou hadst known full soon what 'tis to steal a warrior's bride.
 All Aphrodītē's gifts,—thy tinkling harp, thy shapely bust,
 Thy bright hair,—would not profit thee, when grovelling in the dust.
 Nay, but we Trojans timorous are; else of our right good will
 Thou hadst been clothed in coat of stone for all thy deeds of ill."

Then godlike Paris answer made:—"O Hector, justly due
 I own thy words of scorn to be, thy sharp reproaches true.
 Always thy heart is like an axe, strong and invincible,
 That through a plank will cleave its way, urged by a craftsman's
 skill, 60

When, cutting timbers for a ship, he wields it with a swing:
 E'en so the purpose of thy breast is strong, unwavering.
 Upbraid me not with Aphrodītē's gifts so passing fair;
 The gods' own glorious gifts nowise to be rejected are,
 Which they of their good will bestow, by us unasked, unsought.
 But now, if thy behest it is this battle should be fought
 'Twixt me and him; then cause to halt the Achaian ranks and ours:
 Let them sit down: and in the midst between the opposing powers
 Match us, for Helen and her wealth,—all that she has,—to fight,
 And whosoever shall prevail, give him the conqueror's right. 70

Let him have all,—woman and wealth,—and homewards safely bear :
 Whilst ye, the other Trojans, having ended thus the war,
 Live on in fertile Troy : and they their course to Argos trace,
 And Achaia, land of beauteous maids, of noble steeds the place.”

So spake he : and, on hearing him, Hector with eager joy
 Sped to the space between the hosts, and checked the ranks of Troy,
 Midway his spear-shaft holding forth :—they, one and all, stood still.
 The Achaian forces shot at him in hope the chief to kill,
 Aiming with darts and spears and stones to strike him down they
 tried.

Then Agamemnon, king of men, with voice far-sounding cried : 80
 “Halt, Argives, halt :—and ye, Achaia’s sons, from shooting stay :
 See ! bright-helmed Hector motions us, wishing some word to say.”

So spake he : they full readily stood calm and motionless
 In silence : Hector both the hosts proceeded to address.

“Hear this from me, O Trojans ! ye well-greaved Achaians, hear !
 From him, who caused this contest, now a challenge do I bear.
 He asks that all,—both Trojans and Achaians,—should abstain
 Awhile from battle, placing down their arms upon the plain ;
 And he alone with Menelāos should in fight contend

For Helen and her wealth, and thus this deadly struggle end. 90
 Which of the twain shall mightier prove and conquer in the fight,
 Let him have all,—woman and wealth,—the victor’s lawful right, }
 Then let the rest thenceforth in sworn and friendly league unite.” }

Thus Hector spake. They one and all received it silently,
 Save Menelāos brave in war, who gave at once reply :

“Hear ye my words, since I am he, whose heart this stinging wrong
 Touches most nearly : well I ween that ye have suffered long,—
 Trojans and Argives both alike,—this quarrel to maintain :
 I would that it be reconciled, and we be friends again.

Now then, for whether of us twain it is ordained to die, 100
 So may he die : and ye the rest make peace and amity.
 Two lambs, one white, the other black, as votive victims bring
 To Earth and Sun :—to Zeus ourselves will bear the offering.
 Fetch hither the grave Priam too the truce-rites to ordain
 In person,—for his children are untrustworthy and vain :
 Lest any by transgression should the solemn league unbind,
 For of young men the minds are ever changeful as the wind.
 But when an old man joins in counsel, he in thought will dwell
 On what's before and what behind, that both may turn out well."

Thus spake he : and the Trojans and Achaïans with delight 110
 Welcomed the hope of ceasing from the toilsome weary fight.
 Their cars they left, their steeds they stayed in order, and unbound }
 Their arms and armour, these they duly placed upon the ground }
 Near one another, leaving just a vacant space around.

Hector forthwith two heralds sent within the city-wall,
 Bidding them haste and bring the lambs, and also Priam call.
 Whilst kingly Agamemnon sent Talthybios to the fleet, }
 Charging him from the hollow ships bring back the offering meet }
 For sacrifice :—he heard, and sped the mandate to complete.

Iris meantime with tidings had to white-armed Helen gone, 120
 In form like to Læodicē, spouse of Antēnor's son ;
 The lordly Helicāon her as his dear wife possessed,—
 Læodicē, of Priam's daughter far the loveliest.
 She found her in her chamber : there a cloak of ample size
 Weaving, bright-coloured, twofold : and inworking the emprise
 Of Trojans and Achaïans,—both the victories they gained,
 And suffering at the War-god's hands they for her sake sustained.
 Standing beside her, Iris swift-of-foot said tenderly :
 "Hither, dear sister, hither come ! that you may witness be }
 Of Trojan and Achaïan warriors acting wondrously, } 130

Who hitherto against each other deadly war did wage,
 And eagerly upon the plain in mournful strife engage :
 Truly the war is stayed : and they are seated silently,
 Resting themselves upon their shields, their long spears standing by.
 But Paris and the warlike Menelāos, to decide

The war, with spears will fight for thee, and whoso shall abide
 The victor, he will claim thee, and thou shalt be called his bride.”

So spake the goddess, and within her tender bosom threw
 A longing wish of parents, home, and once again to view
 Her former husband. From her chamber hastily she sped 140
 Veiled in white robes ; and, as she went, soft tender tears she shed :
 Went not alone ; for maidens twain did bear her company,
 Fair Aithrē, Pitheus’ daughter, and the large-eyed Clymenē.
 Quickly they passed along the street, and reached the Scaian gate,
 Where Priam, Lampos, Panthoos, and sage Thymoites sate,
 Clytios and warlike Hecatāon too, and by their side
 Antēnor and Ucalēgon, each skilled a state to guide.
 Chief senators of Troy were they, assembled at this gate,
 By age from martial service freed, but able in debate.
 They to cicalas may be likened, which emit their cry

From the tree-boughs, deep in the greenwood sounding plaintively :
 For such these old chiefs on the tower assembled seemed to be.

Now they, when Helen they descried coming with graceful tread,
 In undertone these wingèd words, each to his neighbour, said :
 “No wonder, that for such a woman, so divinely fair,
 Trojans and greaved Achaians should such lengthened sufferings bear ;
 So wondrous-like the Immortal ones she seems in face and air.
 Yet not the less let her away begone across the main,
 Nor here abide to be to us and ours a lasting bane.”

Thus they discoursed. But Priam called fair Helen to his side : 160
 “Hither, dear child, come sit by me, and here awhile abide,

That thou mayst see thy former spouse, thy friends and kindred dear.
 Thou'rt not blameworthy : to my thought the Gods the culprits are ;
 They have urged on this wretched warfare : them, not thee, I
 blame.

Come near to me, and tell me yonder stalwart warrior's name,
 Who may be that Achaian chief, so noble and so dread.
 Others I see amongst them, who are taller by the head ;
 But one so comely in aspect these eyes did never scan,
 Nor in his mien so dignified,—truly a kingly man ! ”

The high-born Helen answering said, “ Father-in-law most dear, 170
 Revered thou always art by me with loving filial fear.
 Would it had been my choice to die a wretched death, before
 My child I left, my sweet companions, kindred, native shore,
 And, wooed by thy son, followed him across the sea-waves deep :—
 Would I had died. It was not so : therefore I pine and weep.
 But what thou askest and inquirest, this will I make known :
 He is wide-ruling Agamemnon, Atreus' noble son,
 A worthy king, a stalwart spearman, and if in my shame
 I dare say it, him for my husband's brother I may claim.”

She spake : the aged Priam gazed with fixed admiring eye : 180
 “ Happy Atreidēs,” cried he, “ blest-born son of destiny !
 How numerous the Achaian force that moves at thy command !
 Once on a time I served in war in Phrygia's vineclad land ;
 There saw I all th' embattled troops that wheel the steed and car,
 Peoples of Otreus and of Mygdon, godlike men in war.
 These then along Sangarion's banks were marching to the fray,
 And I with them associate was upon that battle-day,
 When Amazons, those manlike women, marched and fought and bled :—
 But mightier this eye-flashing host by great Atreidēs led.”

Next, singling out Odysseus in the throng, the old man cried : 190
 “ Come, tell me, dear child, who is this :—a chieftain by his stride,

In stature less than Agamemnon, Atreus' kingly son,
 But broader by the shoulders and the chest, to look upon.
 His arms lie on the grassy nurturing ground, and meanwhile he
 Just like a ram, moves on among the marshalled chivalry.
 To a young ram I liken him, whose fleece is white and deep,
 Which walks among, and orders well, a flock of snowy sheep."

Him answered then the high-born Helen, and his name made
 known :

"That is Odysseus ready-witted, great Laertes' son,
 Who was brought up in Ithaca, a wild and rocky isle ; 200
 Well-skilled is he in stratagems and every prudent wile."

Now hereupon Antenor, sage in counsel, made reply :
 "How true thy words are, Lady, I myself can testify :
 For at the time Odysseus hither came in quest of thee,
 Thy former husband's rights to claim, bearing him company,
 I entertained them : for awhile they in my house did dwell :
 Thus I their persons and their wit and prudence learnt full well.
 Whilst standing, Menelāos seemed more grand and dignified :
 Odysseus the more stately man, when seated by his side.
 But when they wove their language to expound to all their plan, 210
 Briefly and rapidly the speech of Menelāos ran.
 Few words he used in sweet clear tone, for though so young in years,
 He was no wordy random speaker among his compeers.
 But when Odysseus, full of counsels, from his place uprose ;
 His custom was,—with downcast eyes glancing beneath his brows
 To stand,—his staff of office not waved calmly here and there,
 But firmly-grasped, as though he a rude untaught rustic were.
 A sullen, cross, weak-minded man you well might him suppose :
 But when he spake, and words persuasive, thick as winter's snows, }
 His voice poured forth both strong and clearly-heard unto the close ; } 220

One felt no other mortal man could with Odysseus vie
In power of speech, and ceased to wonder at his mastery."

Thirdly the form of Ajax moved the old man with surprise.
"Who is that Argive chief (he said), of such commanding size?
So tall his head, and broad his chest,—none other with him vies." }

Then long-robed Helen made reply, she so divinely fair.
"That chieftain is huge Ajax, bulwark of the Achaian war.
Hard by him stands Idomēneus, the godlike chief of Crete:
And see!—around him at his word the Cretan captains meet.
Full many a time the warlike Menelāos at our home 230
Kindly received and feasted him, when he from Crete had come.
Now all the other flashing-eyed Achaian chiefs I see,
Whom well I know, and could recount their names and history.
But two I vainly strive to see, each marshal of a band
Of troops,—horse-taming Castor and Polydeuces strong of hand;
My own true brothers they, for them the same dear mother bore.
What!—joined they not the fleet from Lacedæmon's lovely shore?
Or came they hither in their barks, which swiftly cleave the sea,
Yet, being here, will not among the warring forces be,
Shrinking from all the shame and taunts they hear attached to
me?" } 240

So spake she:—but those brothers lay in Lacedæmon dead.
Their own loved native earth contained them in its narrow bed.

The heralds now began to bring along the city's street
The two choice lambs, and cheering wine for treaty-offerings meet;
The wine home-grown in goat-skin flask. A bowl of antique mould
The pursuivant Idaios bore, and cups of shining gold.—
He paused beside the aged chief, and his commission told.
"O Sire and ruler of our ancient state, arise! since all
The chiefs of Troy and of Achaia for thy presence call

Down on the plain, that so the truce of arms be ordered right, 250
 Whilst Paris with bold Menelāos shall engage in fight.

The victor is the woman and her wealth away to bear :
 While we, the other Trojans, having ended thus the war,
 Live on in fertile Troy ; and they their course to Argos trace,
 And Achaia, land of beauteous maids, of noble steeds the place."

At this the old man shuddered, yet he charged his friends close
 by,

Yoke the swift horses to his car :—they did so instantly.
 Then straightway Priam mounted, tightly drawing back the rein, }
 And by him on the chariot-board Antēnor sat ;—the twain }
 Forth through the Scaian gate the swift steeds urged unto the }
 plain. } 260

Now when they reached the spot, where lay the ranks of war around,
 Down from the chariot-seat they lighted on the nurturing ground,
 And slowly paced the Trojan and Achaian ranks between.

Up-rose at once to meet them Agamemnon, king of men,
 Up-rose the sage Odysseus. Then the sacred heralds brought
 The victims to the appointed place : the bowl with sweet wine
 fraught

They mingled for libations : lustral water next supplied, }
 Wherein the kings should dip their hands. Atreidēs then applied }
 A knife, which hung suspended near the sword-sheath at his side, }
 And from the lambs cut off the hairs that lie around the head. 270
 These heralds to the chiefs of either side distributed.

For them with upraised hands Atreidēs words of prayer addressed :
 "O Father Zeus, on Ida throned, most glorious, mightiest !
 O Sun, who hearest all things, seest all things by thy light !
 Ye Rivers ! and thou Earth ! and ye Infernal Powers, that smite
 Even the dead with vengeance, whom perjury doth stain !
 Be one and all our witnesses :—this league intact maintain.

If Paris in this challenge-fight should Menelāos slay,
 Let him have Helen and her goods forthwith to hold for aye.
 Whereas should Paris at the hand of Menelāos die, 280
 The Trojans Helen shall resign with all her property,
 And to the Argives tribute pay, such as agreed upon :
 The same to be, and to remain from father unto son.
 And if, in case of Paris' death, this tribute should not be
 By Priam and by Priam's children rendered faithfully ;—
 Then will I carry on the war, and far and wide extend
 Its conflicts, for this payment's sake, until I gain the end."

So speaking, he the victims' necks severed with deadly wound,
 Then let them drop all quivering upon the blood-stained ground,
 Gasping for breath :—so mortally the knife its victims slew. 290
 Thereupon certain from the bowl the wine-libation drew,
 And poured it out upon the soil, and supplication made
 Unto the Immortal deities, and on this wise they prayed :
 "O Zeus, most glorious, mightiest One! and all ye Powers
 above,
 Immortal Gods! whatever man shall first a perjurer prove,
 As flows along the earth this wine, so may his life-blood flow,
 His town, and children's blood: his wife then may a stranger
 know."

So spake they :—but Cronion did not answer their request.
 Dardanian Priam next to them these parting words addressed :
 "Listen, O Trojans and well-greaved Achaians, unto me. 300
 I shall retrace my way to wind-swept Ilion presently.
 I may not stay: for how could I endure to look upon
 The combat between Menelāos and my own dear son?
 Zeus only knows, and those Immortal gods who him attend,
 Which of the twain is destined in this strife to meet his end."

Speaking these words, within the car he placed the victims slain :
 Then he himself up-mounted, tightly drawing back the rein ;
 And by him, on the chariot-board, Antenor sat :—the twain
 To Ilion's gates retraced their course far from the battle-plain.

Straightway the noble Odysseus and Hector, Priam's son, 310
 Proceeded to mark out the ground, which they should fight upon.
 Some lots they chose, and shook them in a war-cap brazen-tied,
 Who first should cast the piercing spear in this way to decide.
 Meanwhile both Trojans and Achaians supplication made
 With outstretched hands unto the Gods, and on this wise they prayed :
 "O Father Zeus, on Ida throned, supreme in power and name !
 To which of these belongs of all our toils and woes the blame,
 Let that man perish, and go down to Aïdēs' house of night :
 And we, who live, henceforth in sworn and friendly league unite."

So spake they ; while great bright-helmed Hector with averted
 eye 320

The helmet shook :—the lot of Paris leapt out instantly.
 Then down they sat in martial ranks, each warrior hard by
 His pawing steeds, his inlaid armour placed in order nigh.

Paris at once arrayed himself in armour bright and fair,
 Such as became the spouse of Helen famed for beauteous hair.
 And, first of all, around his legs the shining greaves he placed ;
 These silver chains secured, from knee to ankle interlaced.
 And next a breast-plate, which Lycæon, his brave brother, wore
 Full often ; now (as fitting him) the lordly Paris bore.
 Across his chest he girded on a silver-studded blade, 330
 Well-tempered : then a buckler took, large-sized and strongly
 made.

A helmet excellently wrought he set upon his head,
 Its horsehair crest full waving down a sense of terror shed.

Then took a strong and ready spear, which he knew to grasp aright.
Not otherwise did Menelāos arm him for the fight.

Amidst the throng they armed themselves, each keeping to his side.
Thence to the lists between the forces marched with knightly stride.
So fierce their looks, that all beholders seeing them draw near,
Trojans and Argives, friends and foemen, felt a thrilling fear.

And now they halted nigh each other on the measured ground, 340
Waving their spears with angry force to deal a mortal wound.
Paris was first in hurling forth his stout long-shafted lance,
And smote the fair round shield of Menelāos,—but askance :
The metal spear-head cleft it not : its point against the shield
Turned back and bent. Then instantly did great Atreidēs wield
His piercing weapon, offering up a prayer to Zeus on high :
“ O sovereign Zeus, vouchsafe me vengeance, give me victory !
Grant that this Paris, this wrong doer, at my hands may die. }
So that all men afraid may be, even in future time,
To wrong a host, to perpetrate so foul and base a crime.” 350

He spake, and whirling round cast forth his stout long-shafted
spear :

It smote the shield of Priam’s son, and penetrated sheer
Through the bright buckler, and beyond the unyielding weapon
flew,
And broke into the breast-plate, fair inlaid with many a hue,
And through and through the weapon sped, and the soft tunic
rent

He wore beneath, and grazed his side :—but he his body bent,
Black death avoiding. Then Atreidēs drew his sword, and high
Uplifted it, and smote the helmet’s frontlet mightily.—

· Snap, shivered into pieces fell the weapon at his side.—

Atreidēs heavenward raised his eyes, and deeply-groaning cried : 360

“Surely, O Zeus, no god a mischief-framer is like thee.

I pledged myself to slay this Paris for his infamy.

But now my sword is broken in my grasp :—my spear also

Has uselessly been cast away, nor struck my hated foe.”

He spake, and rushing forward dragged him by the helmet's
cone,

Whence hung the nodding horsehair, to the Achaians drew him on

Sore struggling ; for a broidered band across his fair neck spread

Was choking him,—the strap that bound the helmet to the head.

In sooth he would have dragged him, and won great renown and
high :

But Aphrodītē saw this, with divinely-watchful eye ; 370

The heaven-born goddess snapt the tie, the choking ox-hide thong :

Naught save the empty helmet did his stout hand drag along.

This the bold hero whirled around, and cast with might and main

Among the troops : his trusty friends for him the prize retain,

Whilst he rushed forward once again, intent his foe to slay :—

But Paris from the danger Aphrodītē snatched away,

Full easily the goddess saved him : she a darkness shed

Around, and so away conveyed him to his fragrant bed,

And went forthwith to summon Helen, whom she quickly found

Upon the lofty tower, where Trojan matrons stood around. 380

With gentle hand her scented robe she touched, and lightly shook ;

Wearing of old Eirocōmē the form and garb and look.

In time gone by, when Helen dwelt in Lacedæmon, she

Wrought beauteous woolwork, and her mistress loved most tenderly.

In likeness of this ancient dame did Aphrodītē come :

“Haste hither, (said she) Paris calls thee, hasten quickly home.

He waits thee in the chamber, resting on the carved bed,

Most brightly drest in lovely robes :—sure no one would have said

He was just from the combat come, and that with sad mischance,
But rather for a dance prepared, or resting from a dance." 390

So spake she : and thereon strong passion Helen's soul possessed,
And when the goddess she discerned, her love-inspiring breast,
Her neck so fair exceedingly, her gleaming sparkling eyes,
She spoke to her, she named her name in accents of surprise :
" Ah ! Madam goddess ! why thus ever seek to lead astray ?
Is it thy wish again to bear me from my home away,
Perchance to one of Phrygia's towns, or of Mæonia fair,
If that some darling man thou hast among the dwellers there.
Because great Menelâos Paris has subdued in fight,
And soon to bear me to his home will claim the victor's right ; } 400
Say, is this why thou standest here in guise a hypocrite ?
Go, sit by him ; forswear thyself ; no longer claim to be
A goddess ; high Olympus shun ;—it is no place for thee.
Go, weep and wail beside him ; let him all thy watching have :
Perchance he'll take thee for his wife, or use thee as his slave.
But I will not go thither, for it were a sin and shame :
If so I stooped to serve his bed, our matrons well might blame,
And to my ever-growing griefs heap on a hateful name." }

In words of dreadful anger Aphrodîtê made reply :
" Provoke me not, thou daring one ! lest in my jealousy, 410
Strong as my love has been for thee, so strong shall be my hate. }
For I between the Trojans and the Danaâns will create
Fresh bitter enmities ;—and thou shalt meet a wretched fate." }

She spake : and high-born Helen feared her will to disobey.
Wrapt in her shining fair white robe she took her silent way,
Unseen of all the matrons ; for the goddess was her guide.
So they unto the splendid house of Paris homeward hied.
Straightway the waiting maidens to their work attention bent,
But she, the gracious lady, to her high-roofed chamber went.

Already Aphroditē, wreathed in smiles, with watchful care 420
Had taken, and in front of Paris placed for her a chair.

There high-born, beauteous Helen, with her fair head turned aside
And eyes averted from her husband, thus began to chide :

“Thou from the war hast come, it seems : I would that thou hadst
died,

There vanquished by that valiant man, of whom I once was bride.

It was forsooth thy wonted boast, that thou wert better far
Than Menelāos in strength of hand and in the art of war.

Well then if thou hast still the heart, go, challenge him again
To fight in single combat with thee :—but I say, abstain.

Be not so vainly confident as yet again to dare } 430
Encounter valiant Menelāos in the strife of war :
Lest he subdue thee with his lance, and slay thee too, beware.” }

To her the godlike Paris instant answer gave and said :

“Cease, wife ! do not with such severe rebukes my mind upbraid.

If Menelāos won the fight, on Pallas he relied

For help :—I too in turn may win, for gods are on our side.

But let us now betake ourselves to love and soft repose,

For ne’er before did Eros so my heart and mind dispose

To all-absorbing love of thee, not e’en on that glad day,

When in my sea-dividing ships I bore thee safe away 440

From lovely Lacedæmon, and we slept in Cranæ’s isle,

As now I glow with love of thee, and woo thy winning smile.”

So saying, towards the bed he went : she with his wish complied,

And on the richly-ordered couch they slumbered side by side.

The battle-field meanwhile Atreidēs traversed here and there,
Searching for Paris,—like a wild beast started from its lair.

But of the valiant Trojans and of their allies not one

Could point out Paris, or could tell him whither he was gone.

For none would hide him through affection, if the fact were known,
 Since he was odious as black death to each and every one. 450

Then Agamemuon, king of men, announced his firm demand.
 "Trojans and Dardans, hear me! hear too, each confederate band!
 That Menelāos victor is, I hold most plain and clear.
 You then surrender Argive Helen, and along with her
 All her possessions, and pay down the fine agreed upon,
 Which tribute shall remain to us from father unto son." }
 Atreidēs spake:—the Achaians all approved of what was done. }

THE FOURTH BOOK.

The Argument.

THE BREACH OF THE TRUCE AND THE FIRST BATTLE.

THE Gods deliberate in council concerning the war. They agree upon the continuation of it, and Zeus sends down Athēnē to cause the truce to be broken. She persuades Pandaros to aim an arrow at Menelāos, who is wounded, but healed by Machāon. Meanwhile some of the Trojan troops attack the Achaians. Agamemnon distinguishes himself as a great commander; he reviews the troops and exhorts the leaders, some by praises and others by reproofs. The armies join battle, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

SEATED in Zeus's presence-chamber with its floor of gold,
 Now did the assembled gods with him a solemn council hold.
 Hēbē, by all revered, for all the nectar poured; and they
 Drank to each other's health and welcome on this meeting day.
 The eyes of all on Troy were resting:—when, in words suppressed
 But keenly-cutting, Cronos' son the other gods addressed:
 “Two goddesses there are, who help to Menelāos lend,
 Argeian Hērē, and Athēnē, his dear guardian friend:
 They sit apart and cogitate, and look with secret joy
 On all that happens adverse to the hopes and weal of Troy. 10
 Therefore sweet-smiling Aphrodītē on the other hand
 Comes ever and anon in aid, its downfall to withstand.
 A son of Troy just now she has rescued, who was near to die;
 For surely to Menelāos doth belong the victory.

Let us then solemn counsel take, and once for all decide,
 Whether again to raise the war-cry and fierce battle-tide,
 Or to the opposing nations grant a peaceful amity :—
 For if this last be our resolve, and we should so decree,
 Then shall King Priam's city be for aye inhabited,
 And Helen be by Menelāos to his country led." 20

He spake : then Hērē and Athēnē in anger muttered low,
 Who, near each other sitting, were for Troy devising woe.
 Athēnē kept from speaking, not a word escaped her tongue,
 Only a scowl was on her face,—her heart with wrath was stung.
 But Hērē did not check her speech ; by her strong passion led :
 " O awful Zeus," she cried, " what is this thing which thou hast
 said ?

Is it thy will to make my labours useless and in vain,
 All the sore toil I have endured my cherished hopes to gain ?
 My very steeds are wearied out with bearing me along,
 Whilst rousing the Achaian hosts and gathering the throng, 30
 And striving against Priam and his children woes to move.
 Do as thou wilt ;—but we, the rest, cannot such deeds approve."

The cloud-compelling Zeus replied in strong indignant tone:
 " Madam ! what, pray, has aged Priam done, or any son
 Of Priam, that thou so hotly shouldst endeavour to destroy,
 And wreak such deadly vengeance on the fair-built town of
 Troy ?

It seems, if thou could'st only get within the outer wall,
 And eat up Priam and his sons and people, one and all ;
 Then, and then only, would thy ravening wrath be satisfied.
 Well, do so, if it must be so : indulge thy fatal pride. 40
 Only let not this circumstance an altercation be,
 A source of serious after-quarrels betwixt me and thee.

But this I say distinctly ; do thou turn it in thy mind :
 In whatsoever time or manner I may feel inclined
 A city to lay waste, of which the folk to thee are dear,
 Seek not to cross my anger's purpose, do not interfere ;
 For wittingly I grant thee this, but sorely against my will.
 Truly beneath this heaven, where sun and stars their work fulfil,
 There is not to be found of mortal men a dwelling-place
 More precious to my heart than Ilion and its kingly race. 50
 For there my altar never lacks its victim duly slain,
 And savour, and libation-rite. This honour we obtain."

Thereupon Hērē, full-eyed goddess, answered instantly :
 " Three cities of a truth there are most precious unto me,
 Argos, and Sparta, and Mycenæ with its spacious street :
 These utterly destroy, if they should thy displeasure meet :
 I stand not forth in their defence : I grudge thee not their fate :
 Since should I do so, and forbid thee them to desolate,
 In vain should I withhold consent :—so mightier far art thou.
 Yet it is seemly not to make my labours fruitless now. 60
 For I too am a deity ; my birth's the same as thine ;
 Me our sage parent made to be both honoured and divine,
 Divine by birth,—and honoured, as the spouse of One, whose sway
 Orders all things in heaven and earth, whom even gods obey.
 Let us however in these matters mutually concede :
 I will to thee :—do thou to me : the rest will give good heed
 To do the same. Now to Athênē issue a command,
 Bid her go where the opposing hosts in lines of battle stand,
 And search to find, who there may be the Trojan force among
 Ready to break the oaths and do the proud Achaians wrong." 70

She spake. The sire of gods and men complied with her request,
 And to Athênē instantly these wingèd words addressed :

"Seek with all speed the battle-field, where stand the expectant throng,

Search, and find out who there may be the Trojan force among
Ready to break the oaths, and do the proud Achaians wrong."

So saying, he Athēnē charged this mission to fulfil.

She, nothing loth, rushed from the summit down the Olympian hill.

So sends the son of Cronos a strange flashing meteor-star,

To seamen a portentous sign, and to the ranks of war :

Behind it trail unnumbered sparks and flickering bursts of flame. 80

Such seemed Pallas Athēnē, when to earth she downwards came.

Into mid-space she leapt between the lines :—a sudden dread

Seized the beholders, and thus they, one to another, said :

"Verily, either there will be once more the battle-cry,

Or Zeus, at whose behest the war and all its issues lie,

Is now proposing terms of peace and mutual amity."

Whilst they among themselves discoursed about this wondrous star,

She dived into the Trojan host, like to a man of war,

Laodōcos, a sturdy spearman : there she sought and found

The godlike Pandaros standing, and his comrades ranged around, 90

All they, who from Aisēpos' streams had come the cause to aid :—

Beside him stood Athēnē, and these wingèd words she said :

"Son of Lycāon, wilt thou then by me persuaded be ?

Dar'st thou at Menelāos shoot an arrow stealthily ?

This would to thee from every Trojan thanks and glory bring,

But most of all from Paris praise and kingly offering.

Splendid indeed will be the gifts he gladly would bestow,

Could he but Menelāos see laid by thy weapon low,

Stricken to death, and placed upon the sad funereal pyre.—

Shoot then at Menelāos, and accomplish his desire.

Vow to Apollo, god of archers, and a prayer unite,
 Call on his name 'Lycēgēs, creator of the light.'
 Promise and vow of firstling lambs a noble hecatomb,
 When to thy native dear Zeleia safe home thou art come."

So spake Athēnē: and his vain and foolish heart obeyed.
 Straightway he took his bow of horn, out of a wild goat made,—
 A goat, which he had caught when springing from a rocky dell,
 And stricken dead upon the rock; the quarry headlong fell.
 Of sixteen hand-breadths were the horns, which from its forehead
 grew.

These a bow-maker, skilled in horn-work, fashioned well and true, 110
 The weapon smoothed and polished, and a golden tip applied.

Pandaros bent it deftly, earthwards leaning on one side.

His trusty comrades held their shields in front, his form to hide,
 Lest he should be by any of the Achaian troops espied,
 Ere, smitten by the fatal arrow, Menelāos had died. }

He then took off the quiver's lid, and out an arrow chose
 Unused before, well-feathered,—cause of future pains and woes.
 Without delay the pointed shaft he fitted to the string:

Then to Apollo vowed a vow,—of archers god and king,
 To offer him of firstling-lambs a noble hecatomb, 120
 When to his native dear Zeleia safe home he was come.

Then grasped at once the arrow-notch and arrow-tie also,
 The string he to his breast drew near, the iron to the bow.

Soon as the mighty weapon was into a circle brought,
 It twanged,—the string resounded,—and the arrow swift as thought }
 Leapt forth upon its errand, with a deadly purpose fraught.

But not unmindful, Menelāos, were the gods of thee.

And, firstly, Zeus's daughter, armèd queen of victory,
 She placed herself before thee, and the arrow turned aside:
 The weapon she kept from thee, as a mother sits beside, 130

And from her sleeping infant-boy keeps off a teasing fly,
 Which otherwise would break his rest, whilst slumbering peacefully.
 The goddess turned its course to where the girdle's clasps of gold
 Connected were together on the breast-plate's double fold :
 The pointed weapon pierced into the girdle interlaced,
 And onwards through the highly-ornamented corslet passed,
 And through a belt he wore his flesh from missiles to defend :
 This belt it was which mainly saved him, yet this did it rend,
 And slightly grazed the skin beneath :—then in the opening stood.
 Immediately from out the wound flowed forth the crimson blood. 140
 As when a Carian or Mæonian woman doth distain
 With crimson dye some ivory, to deck a horse's rein.
 Full many a knight desires to wear so beautiful a thing,
 But it is kept in store,—a fit adornment for a king.
 So, Menelâos, the red blood outwelling from the wound,
 Ran down thy comely thighs and legs and ankles to the ground.

Then Agamemnon, king of men, shuddered and looked aghast,
 When from his brother's wound he saw the dark blood flowing fast.
 The warlike Menelâos too, with sudden dread appeared
 To shake :—but when outside the arrow-tie and barbs appeared, 150
 At once his native dauntless courage rose within his heart.
 Agamemnon held his brother's hand, doing a brother's part,
 And spake with deeply-sorrowing voice : the attendants stood
 around,
 And groaned responsive to his grief, beholding the sad wound.
 “ A fatal truce, dear brother, did I make, and full of woes,
 Appointing thee as champion to combat with our foes :
 For they have trodden down the oaths, and basely shot at thee.
 But surely oaths, lambs' blood, libations, plightings cannot be
 Wilfully broken and dishonoured,—to the winds cast aside :
 For these were our securities, and on these we relied. 160

What if the Olympian should appear his vengeance to delay ;
 Sooner or later he will judge : our foes shall then repay—
 Themselves, their wives, and children,—the treachery of this day. }
 For this I am persuaded of :—a time is hastening on,
 When Ilion's sacred walls and towers shall all be overthrown,
 And Priam and his people sink beneath this malison. }
 Yea,—Zeus, who dwells amid the mountain-tops and ambient sky,
 Shall shake his awful ægis, and bring on their destiny.
 Treachery like this he hates, and he his judgment will declare.
 But, O Menelāos, I for thee must feel distressing care, 170
 If thou shouldst die ; if this event thy precious life should close,
 And I return to dusty Argos, mocked at by our foes,
 Wholly disgraced in all men's sight :—then the Achaians home,
 Leaving behind them Argive Helen, will desire to come :
 And Priam's prayer shall answered be, his people leap for joy,
 Whilst thy dear bones are rotting on the hated soil of Troy.
 Then too some son of Troy, elate with over-weening pride,
 Springing upon the grassy mound, which doth thy body hide,
 Will cry—' So much for Agamemnon and his idle boast !
 He and his ships are fled away : his cause and brother lost.' 180
 So they will say. But oh ! may then the broad earth be my
 grave."

Thereupon Menelāos spoke, that bright-haired warrior brave :
 "Be of good cheer, nor needlessly our people's hearts alarm ;
 The shaft has hit no mortal part ; it will not do me harm.
 Outside, the sheeny girdle served to check the arrow's course,
 Beneath, my belt and doublet stayed effectually its force."

To him a gentle answer kingly Agamemnon gave :
 "I pray it may indeed be so, my brother good and brave.
 But let our healer feel the wound, and he will then apply
 Medicines to stanch the blood, and stay the smarting agony." 190

So saying, he Talthybios his herald thus addressed :

“ Use thy best speed, Talthybios, go instantly in quest
Of sage Machāon, of the leech Asclepios skilful son,
Bid him come Menelāos our good chieftain see, whom one,
Either a Trojan or a Lycian archer, with his bow
Has sorely wounded :—praise to him, to us distress and woe.”

So said he :—and the sacred herald readily obeyed.

Straight through the Achaian gleaming ranks his speedy way he
made,

Seeking Machāon, looking round him with inquiring ken :
Him he descried there standing in the midst of armèd men, 200
Comrades, whom he from Trikē, land of noble steeds, had led.
Near him the sacred herald stood, and thus to him he said :

“ Son of Asclepios, arise ! Agamemnon calleth thee,
That thou may'st brave and warlike Menelāos haste to see,
Whom either Trojan or a Lycian archer with his bow
Has sorely wounded ;—praise to him, to us distress and woe.”

So spake he—and Machāon was right anxious to obey,
Down through the crowd, along the Achaian lines he took his way :
But when he came where Menelāos stood with bleeding wound,
And near him all the best and bravest chieftains gathered round, 210
First, to draw out the arrow from the wound he was intent ;
And, as he drew, with careful hand the barbèd hooks he bent.
Then he set free the sheeny girdle which his body bound,
Opened the doublet, loosed the belt :—but when he saw the wound,
He sucked away the blood, and hastened medicines to infuse,
Of which sage Cheiron had his father taught the healing use.

Now in what time these tended Menelāos in his need,
Meanwhile the shielded ranks of Troy were coming on with speed :
Therefore the Achaians donned their armour, eager for the war.
Then might you Agamemnon see, not holding back afar, 220

Nor cowering as some timid thing, all-overcome with fright,
 But rather urging on his troops to the ennobling fight.
 His snorting steeds and chariot, that with brazen trappings shone,
 He left awhile, and gave in charge to good Eurymēdon,
 Bidding him hold them well in hand and near, if haply he
 Himself, in marshalling the host, should faint and weary be.
 Then onwards and without delay the son of Atreus speeds,
 Passing on foot among the Danaāns and their prancing steeds,
 And whomsoever he saw with zeal preparing for the fight,
 To them he words of cheer addressed, and spoke in accents
 bright : 230

“O Argive friends! fail not to show your courage strong and bold.
 Never, be sure, will righteous Zeus the liar’s part uphold :
 But they, who first the truce have broken and the gods defied,
 Their flesh shall vultures eat : whilst we, our vengeance satisfied,
 Shall from their captured city bear triumphantly away
 Their wives and infant children in our vessels for a prey.”
 But whomsoe’er neglectful of their duty he espied,
 He failed not those base sluggards in indignant speech to chide :
 “Dark-fated Argives, recreant hearts, have ye no sense of shame ?
 Why stand ye on the edge of battle spiritless and tame ? 240
 Like fawns, that, when they weary are with coursing o’er the plain,
 Stand still :—weak creatures, in whose breast no vigour doth remain.
 So are ye standing, all astounded, heedless of the war.
 What !—are ye waiting till the Trojans onwards press, as far
 As where our well-pooped vessels lie upon the briny strand,
 Waiting to see if haply Zeus will lend a helping hand ?”

Thus, marshalling the host, he passed the serried ranks along,
 Until he came where stood the Cretans foremost in the throng :
 Around Idomēneus they gathered closely, shield to shield ;
 Idomēneus of wild-boar strength was leader in the field : 250

Meriōnēs brought up the rear : the ranks in phalanx moved.
 Atreidēs saw what pleased him well, and thus in speech approved :
 “Idomēneus, above all thy fellows do I honour thee,
 Whether in manly deeds of war or other work it be ;
 Or at a banquet, where full bowls of noble sparkling wine
 Are by our Argive chieftains mixed, and on the tables shine.
 For while the other chiefs drink off their portion hastily,
 Thy cup is always fully-charged with wine to offer me.
 Arouse thee then unto the war ;—shew thyself nobly brave.”

To him the Cretan chief a bold and ready answer gave : 260
 “Atreidēs, I will be to thee a comrade stanch and true :
 So heretofore I promised, and do now that pledge renew.
 Rouse then the other forces, that we may at once engage.
 These Trojans, who the truce have broken, soon shall feel our rage :
 Death, and the woes that wait on death, shall be their heritage.” }

He said : and onwards went Atreidēs in exulting mood,
 Wending his way amid the throng to where the Ajāces stood.
 These chieftains twain were clad in armour,—corslet, helm, and shield.
 A cloud of footmen followed them, impatient for the field.
 As when a herdsman, seawards gazing from a craggy steep, 270
 Sees a cloud by the roaring West-wind borne along the deep :
 To him, seen from afar, it seems blacker than pitch to come,
 Bringing a sudden whirlwind-storm across the darkening foam :
 He shudders as he looks, and drives beneath a cave his sheep.
 Such seemed the phalanxes of men, who with the Ajāces sweep
 Across the plain, intent on battle,—youthful hearts and brave,
 Dark-armoured, while in bristling lines their shields and lances wave.

Beholding them the kingly Agamemnon joyed at heart,
 And to the twain Ajāces spake these wingèd words apart :
 “Ajāces ! ye who nobly on your armoured forces lead, 280
 I urge not you to press to battle, since there is no need.

You of yourselves move bravely forward. Would that such a mind,
 O Zeus, Athēnē, and Apollo ! I in all might find ;
 Then Priam's city soon should bow its head unto the soil,
 Captured by these strong hands of ours, and given up to spoil."

Thus having said, he left them : passing on with rapid stride,
 He Nestor next, the clear-voiced Pylia orator, espied.
 Round him were lordly Chromios grouped, Alastor, bold Haimon,
 Bias, his people's shepherd, and the mighty Pelagon.
 Nestor his troops was ordering with words of kindly cheer, 290
 The chariot-fighters in the front, the footmen in the rear,
 And between these, his battle-strength, he placed the faint-of-heart,
 That they, against their will, might be compelled to do their part.
 Firstly, the charioteers he charged to rein their horses in,
 Holding them well in hand, lest they be startled by the din.
 " Let none (said he) so much on pluck and horsemanship rely;
 As to rush out before the other fighters heedlessly ;
 Nor yet retire behind : so will ye safest be by far.
 And let the man who from his own gets on another's car, }
 Use the long spear : this is the best and surest plan in war. } 300
 Thus our victorious ancestors cities and forts possessed,
 By holding these bold plans and firm resolves within their breast."

So did the aged chief his troops of horse and foot incite,
 Himself well-trained from early days to lead the heady fight.
 Observing him the kingly Agamemnon joyed at heart,
 And spoke to him right cordially these wingèd words apart :
 " O brave old man, so full of courage ! how do I desire,
 That such were too thy strength of limb, thy bodily force and
 fire.

Alas ! old age, which comes to all, is come and wearing thee.
 Would it had seized some other, and left thee for action free." 310

Knightly Gerenian Nestor answered :—" Would, O Atreus' son,
 Such I were now, as when I slew great Ereuthālion.
 But the gods give not all at once :—erst I was hale and young,
 Now I am old : the snows of age my withers have unstrung.
 Yet can I mingle with the knighthood and in counsels share :
 This is the privilege of elders,—this their use in war.
 To younger warriors than myself I leave the warfare's strain,
 Let those employ their spears in fight, who can the fight maintain."

So spake he :—and, rejoiced at heart, Atreidēs onward went,
 And found Menestheus, Petēos' son, standing without his tent : 320
 Around him ranged the Athenians, prompt to hear the battle-cry :
 The sagely-counselling Odysseus was present too hard by :
 Beside him Cephallenia's spearmen kept their wonted post,
 They had not heard the call to arms, nor marked the moving host.
 The Trojan and Achaian armies only just arrayed
 And moving were unto the conflict :—these Athenians stayed,
 Waiting until some other column should effect its way,
 And on the Trojan front-lines rush, and so begin the fray.

This Agamemnon, king of men, observed with angry look,
 And to them wingèd words of scorn indignantly he spoke : 330
 " O son of Petēos, offspring of a grand heroic king !
 And thou too, famed for crafty wiles, which to thee lucre bring !
 Why crouch ye here inactively, watching with fearful glance ?
 Surely it would far more become you bravely to advance,
 To fight among the foremost, and the battle's brunt to meet ;
 For ye among the first are always bidden to my treat,
 Whene'er we for the elder chiefs a festive banquet spread.
 Well-pleased ye are at such a time to quaff the wine-cup red,
 And to your heart's content of all my savoury dishes eat :
 But now ye choose to look on idly, whilst the armies meet : 340

Yea,—though ten columns of our men in turn should pass you by,
Marching right on with vengeful arms to gain the victory.”

To him with stern and knitted brow the sage Odysseus said :
“ What words are these, Atreidēs, which from out thy teeth have fled ?
How say’st thou we neglect the war ? Whenever we begin
Against the men of Troy to raise the battle-shout and din,
The father of Telemachos then thou shalt surely see
Among the fore-ranks fighting. Thou art speaking foolishly.”

His rising anger Agamemnon noted with a smile,
And sought by use of soothing speech his temper to beguile : 350
“ Son of Laertes, hero-chief, Odysseus good and sage !
I would not needlessly reprove, nor stir thy spirit’s rage ;
For well I wot, the mind that dwells within thy manly breast
Thinks as I think, and is with calm and wise resolves possessed.
But come, if any harm was spoken, put it now behind :
I’ll make amends :—and may the gods disperse it to the wind.”

Thus having said, he left them, passing on with rapid stride ;
And soon the son of Tydeus, Diomēdēs, he espied
Standing beside his horses and his well-appointed car.
Hard by was stationed Sthenēlos, his associate in war, 360
The valiant son of Capāneus. With stern and angry look
Agamemnon, king of men, these words of indignation spoke :
“ Ah me ! O son of Tydeus, that war-loving valiant knight,
Why coverest thou ?—why peepest at the road-way of the fight ?
It was not Tydeus’ custom so inertly to repose,
But far before his friends to rush to combat with his foes.
So tell they, who beheld his glorious doings. I indeed
Ne’er met nor saw him : they, who have, this eminence concede.
Once, not with hostile purposes, he sought my native land,
Entering Mycēnæ as a friend, to gather there a band ; 370

With godlike Polyneicēs did he come ; for they were then
 Intent on leading against Thebes a host of armèd men.
 Earnestly did they pray for succours,—warriors true and good :
 And what they asked for would have gained, had not great Zeus
 withstood,
 And by portentous signs of ill the people's hearts subdued.
 They went their way and, as they journeyed, came where softly gleam
 The grass-clad banks of Asōpos, fed by its reedy stream.
 Thither the Achaians sent to Tydeus, but he was not there ;—
 He had gone forwards on his quest, and reached a mansion, where
 A band of Thebans feasting were with great Eteōclēs. 380
 Tydeus, a single stranger, was not daunted, when he sees
 So many matched against him ;—so he gave a challenge call,
 And, with Athēnē's mighty aid, he conquered one and all.
 Hereat the Thebans, being wroth,—those prickers of the horse,—
 Gathered a band and laid an ambush on his homeward course,
 Fifty strong youthful fighters, whom two daring chiefs led on,
 Maion, a man of godlike form, and sturdy Lycophon.
 But Tydeus brought swift fate upon them ; all he slew save one ;
 Divinely warned, he spared the life of Maion, Haimon's son.
 Such was Aitolian Tydeus : but his son, though better far 390
 In arts of public speaking, is far worse in deeds of war."

Thus spake he : and strong Diomēdēs answered not a word,
 So did he reverence the speech of his superior lord.
 But boldly answered Sthenēlos : " Atreidēs, 'tis not well :
 Say not what is untruth, who knowest what is true to tell.
 We boast to be far better than our fathers every way,
 We, who did seven-gated Thebes storm, and in ashes lay,
 We who led fewer troops than they beneath its martial towers,
 Confiding in the signs of Zeus and our god-aided powers.

They for their godless conduct fell, and perished in their pride. 400
Place not our fathers then with us in courage side by side."

Stern was the look of Diomēdēs, and his voice severe :
" Good friend (he said) be silent, and to my advice give ear.
I 'gainst our people's shepherd, Agamemnon, feel no rage,
Seeing he is but urging on the Achaians to engage.
For his will be the glory, if we conquer sacred Troy,
If our men be victorious and proud Ilion's walls destroy :
But should we fail, of shame and sorrow his the largest share.
Come then,—let both of us for the encounter now prepare."
So saying, from his car he leapt all armed upon the ground : 410
Awfully did the armour of the springing chieftain sound.
Fierce and bold-hearted as he was, yet Sthenēlos obeyed,
He felt the strong rebuke, and was to answer it afraid.

As on a far-resounding coast up-swells the billowy sea ;
Driven by the West-wind, wave on wave succeeds incessantly :
In the far deep at first it whitens :—then with thundering roar
Curling and heaving onwards rolls each billow to the shore :
Around the headland crags pursues its strong resistless way,
Out-tossing on the shore its strength in foam and briny spray :
So, at that time, moved on the Danaäns ;—rank on rank succeeds 420
Without a pause to reach the conflict ;—every chieftain leads,
Each cheering on his own :—so deeply silent are the rest,
Scarce would you say the people had a voice within their breast.
In silent awe they followed where their signal-givers led :
Their arms and armour, as they marched, a gleaming radiance shed.

Not so the Trojans :—they like sheep by some rich owner bred,
A myriad flock of ewes into the fold for milking led.
Ceaseless their bleatings, as they hear their lambs responsive cry :
So sounded through the Trojan host the clamours wide and high.

The cry of all was not alike, nor was their voice the same, 430
 Their language was commingled, for from many lands they came.
 Some Arēs urged unto the conflict,—stalwart men and strong :
 And some Athēnē glancing-eyed led to the battle throng :
 And Dread, and Fear, and hostile Strife of blood insatiate,
 Of homicidal Arēs she the sister and the mate.
 Hardly at first she rears her form, but soon implants her head
 High up in heaven, the while she walks the earth with awful
 tread,

Stirs in men's hearts a mutual deadly enmity, and then
 Each rank traversing, aggravates the pains and groans of men.

Now when they to the spot had come where foremost ranks
 engage, 440

His ox-hide targe and spear each foeman used with deadly rage.
 They fought in brazen cuirasses :—their bossy shields they bore
 Right down one on another :—upwards rose a wild uproar.
 Then might you hear loud shrieks and prayers for mercy all around,
 Cries of the slaying and the slain, whose blood streamed on the
 ground.

Just as when mountain torrents, swoln by wintry rains and sleet,
 Pour their full waters down the steep to where the valleys meet,
 Rushing from mighty fountains,—each within its rocky bound :
 Far off among the hills the shepherd hears the echoing sound.
 So from the combatants uprose a fearful meeting-cry. 450

Antilochos was first to slay a Trojan enemy,
 The valiant Echēpōlos :—than he not a better man
 Stood there among the fore-ranks ; him, on-charging in the van,
 The brazen spear struck on his helmet's forepiece, passing on
 Stuck in the space between his eyes, crushing the forehead's bone.
 Darkness at once enwrapt his senses ; in the fierce battle-strife
 Prostrate he fell, as falls a tower, and yielded up his life.

Elephênor seized him as he lay, grasping him by the feet,
 Chalcōdon's son, who brought the Abantēs thither in his fleet.
 Out from the darts he sought to drag the body for the spoil :— 460
 It was a momentary effort, a most fatal toil.

Agēnor the great-hearted spied him pulling at the dead,
 And in his side, which he in stooping had discoverèd,
 Stabbed with a polished lance-shaft, and his limbs in death un-
 bound.

A desperate fight of Trojans and Achaians raged around
 Over his prostrate corpse :—wolf-like they leapt and tore and clung
 In the death-struggle :—man held man, and round and round they
 swung.

Then Telamonian Ajax smote Anthemion's youthful son,
 The blooming Simōisios, so fair to look upon.
 Once coming down from Ida and along the grassy shore 470
 Of Simōis, where flocks were feeding, him his mother bore.
 Wherefore men called him Simōisios : naught from children due
 To parents paid this short-lived youth, whom mighty Ajax slew.
 Near the right nipple on his breast the spear an entrance made,
 Passing right through to where the shoulder joins the shoulder-
 blade :

Down on the dusty ground he sank, like a dark poplar-tree,
 Which in a moist green meadow sprang and flourished beautifully.
 A tall smooth stem, upon whose top fair leafy branches spread ;
 But from its stem a chariot-craftsman severs the green head,
 Lays the tree low, ere long to form the wheel-work of a car : 480
 There withering on the bank it lies, from its life-root afar.
 Such the son of Anthemion, whom heaven-born Ajax slew.
 Then Priam's son, bright Antiphos, out from the fighters threw
 His spear at Ajax : him he missed, but struck unto the ground
 Leucos, Odysseus' faithful friend, slain by a deep groin-wound.

Whilst striving the dead foeman for a spoil to drag away,
Smitten he fell :—the corpse he drew upon his body lay.

Great was the wrath of Odysseus to see his comrade slain.
With spear in hand he passed beyond the foremost on the plain,
Close to the Trojans took his stand, aiming his beamy spear, 490
And glancing fiercely round :—the foes shrunk back with sudden
fear.

The weapon was not hurled in vain ; it reached a bastard son
Of Priam, from Abȳdos come,—the bold Democöon.
Him, by his swift steeds posted, did Odysseus in his wrath
Strike on the temple of his head : the spear pursued its path
Through to the other temple, and his eyes grew dark with death. }
He fell with dull and heavy sound ; his armour clashed and rung.
Back from the charge the foremost men with famous Hector sprung.
Whereat the Argives raised a shout, and carried off the dead,
And onwards straight the chiefs their now victorious forces led. 500

With indignation did Apollo, watching from the height
Of Pergamos, behold the scene, and thus restored the fight :
“ Arouse yourselves, O Trojans, nor retreat before your foes.
No stone nor iron covering doth their mortal parts inclose.
The flesh of none is weapon-proof ; and Achilleus, Thetis’ son,
No longer helps, but to his ships in angry mood is gone.”
Thus spake the awe-inspiring Phoibos from the city-wall.
No less to those she favoured did Tritogeneia call.
She, Zeus’ glorious daughter, passing swiftly through the throng,
Sought, by arousing every heart, the struggle to prolong. 510

Then Amarynceus’ son, Diōres, met his fate :—a stone
Heavy and rugged was upon his right foot’s ankle thrown.
This did a Thracian leader, Peiros son of Imbras, cast,
He, who from Ainos to the war had with his levies passed.

The un pitying mass broke either tendon, fractured every bone.—
 Utterly crushed and helpless, he the dry ground fell upon,
 Outstretching towards his comrades for their succour both his hands,
 Panting for life : but Peiros, he who threw the missile, stands
 And close beside the navel deals a terrible spear-wound :
 At once he died, and all his entrails issued on the ground. 520

Him, rushing blindly on for spoil, Aitolian Thoas slew :
 A glittering spear against his breast above the nipple threw :
 The brazen spear-head pierced his lung :—then Thoas hastened near,
 And from the gushing wound drew out the stout indenting spear :
 Then with a sharp sword pierced his heart, out-drawing the life-
 blood :

His life he took, but not his armour : for around him stood
 Thracians,—bold men with tufted hair, who ponderous lances wield.
 Stout as he was and strong and brave, they drove him from the
 field.

So lay these twain, outstretched in dusty death and side by side :	} 530
One of the Thracians, of the Epeians one, the chief and pride.	
With them too many others in fierce conflict fell and died.	

No one could censure men or deeds upon this battle-day,
 Whoever, led by Pallas, might unarmed pursue his way,
 Whom she, protecting goddess, safely guided o'er the field,
 Held by the hand, from every harm of flying dart or shield :
 For on that day full many Trojans and Achaians died,
 Brave hearts, outstretched in dusty death and lying side by side.

THE FIFTH BOOK.



The Argument.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF DIOMĒDĒS.

DIOMĒDĒS, aided by Athēnē, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandaros wounds him with an arrow, but the goddess cures him, enables him to discern gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Aphroditē. Aineias joins Pandaros in opposing him: Pandaros however is slain, and Aineias in great danger, and only saved by the intervention of Aphroditē, who, as she is removing her son from the fight, is wounded by Diomēdēs on the hand. Apollo assists her in the rescue, and at length carries off Aineias to Troy, where he is healed in that god's temple, which stood in the citadel. Arēs then rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the meantime Aineias is restored to his strength, returns to the battle-field, where he joins Hector, and they overthrow several of the leading Achaians. Hērē and Athēnē descend to resist Arēs, and Diomēdēs, instigated by the latter goddess, attacks Arēs, and wounds him and sends him groaning to Olympos, where he is healed by Paian.

To Diomēdēs, Tydeus' son, Pallas Athēnē gave
 At this time might and courage, to be bravest of the brave,
 To win distinction above all and glorious renown:
 From his spear-point and helmet-crest a lambent flame out-shone:
 Like the bright star in autumn seen, which shines with clearest
 gleam,
 When it uprises freshly bathed in the great Ocean's stream.
 Such was the fire, which o'er his head and shoulders shed its light,
 When the great goddess urged him to the thickest of the fight.
 A rich and blameless man there lived within the walls of Troy,
 Darēs by name, Hephaistos' priest:—two sons he had, the joy 10

Of his old age : well-disciplined and valiant fighters they :
 Than Phegeus and Idaios none more skilful every way.
 These two resolved, apart and singly, Tydeus' son to meet,
 One from his chariot fighting, and the other on his feet.
 Now when, each to the other, the bold combatants drew near,
 Phegeus was first against the foe to hurl his lengthy spear :
 The spear-point o'er his shoulder past, nor gave the slightest wound.
 Then in his turn Tydeidēs, on the foe with rapid bound
 Rushing, threw forth his lance, which from his hand not idly passed,
 But smote Phegeus upon the heart and from his chariot cast. 20
 At once Idaios sprung away, leaving the chariot-seat,
 Nor, though his brother slaughtered was, dared he the slayer meet :
 Still even so he would not have escaped a fatal doom,
 But by Hephaistos was he saved, wrapt in a night-like gloom,
 That the poor aged father might not be with grief distraught.
 The steeds the son of Tydeus from the battle drove, and brought
 To his attendants, charging them to take especial care,
 And to the hollow ships this noble prize in safety bear.
 The generous-minded Trojans,—when they the brothers viewed,
 One just escaping and the other lying in his blood,— 30
 Were moved with pity. Then to Arēs holding out her hand
 Bright-eyed Athēnē spake in words, which he could not withstand.

“ Arēs, Arēs, blood-stained manslayer, stormer of the wall !
 Were it not best these Trojans and Achaians stand or fall
 As father Zeus shall rule the conflict and the fame bestow ?
 Let us therefore withdraw, nor court of Zeus the avenging blow.”
 Thus saying, from the battle she impetuous Arēs led,
 To rest beside Scamandros' stream by hill-side fountains fed.

The Danaäns then repulsed the Trojans ;—every chief his man
 Slew in the onset. Agamemnon first slew Odian, 40

Hurling that Alizonian leader from his chariot-seat :
 He had turned back in flight, but only thus his fate to meet.
 The spear upon his back between his shoulders dealt its wound :
 Down he fell heavily :—his armour gave a clanging sound.

Idomēneus did Phaistos, son of Boros, strike and slay,
 Who had from deep-soiled fertile Tarnē come with his array.
 He on his car was mounting, when forth-starting in advance
 Idomēneus his shoulder pierced with a far-reaching lance :
 Out of the car he fell ; a deadly darkness veiled his eyes :
 The victor's followers seized upon his body for their prize. 50

Scamandrios, son of Strophios, was a hunter keen and good,
 But the spear of Menelāos, son of Atreus, drank his blood.
 What though the huntress Artemis had taught him how to trace
 All creatures haunting mountain-woodlands in the devious chase,
 Yet naught availed him then the favour of the Archer-Queen,
 Nor those far-darting powers, for which he erst had famous been.
 Atreidēs Menelāos dealt his back a mortal wound :
 Spear-pierced he prostrate sunk : his armour gave a clashing sound.

Merionēs slew Phereclos, son of Armonidēs,
 A craftsman, skilled to make all things which handy-work sup-
 plies. 60

In sooth Pallas Athēnē loved him and all science taught.
 He was the man, who well-built ships for Alexandros wrought ;
 That fleet, which was to Troy the cause of all its miseries,
 Nor less unto himself, who knew not the divine decrees.
 Merionēs pursued and overtook him as he fled,
 And plunged his weapon in his buttock :—on the spear-point sped
 Under the bone and near the bladder,—passing far outside :
 Groaning he fell upon his knees, and in the struggle died.

Next Megēs did Pedaïos slay, Antēnor's base-born son,
 Whom, being such, yet good Thēāno nurtured as her own, 70

Brought up with her own children,—her husband to delight.
 Him did the spear-famed son of Phyleus close-approaching smite :
 Against the nape-part of his head a piercing lance he swung ;
 Right through the weapon cut amid his teeth below the tongue.
 At once upon the dusty ground he sunk, defaced and dead,
 Still griping fast between his teeth the murderous spear-head.
 Euaimon's son Eurypýlos Hypsēnor slew : now he
 Was praying-priest of Scamandros, the river deity.
 Him, as a god, the common people loved and honoured,
 But yet the son of bold Dolopion from the contest fled. 80
 Then at him sprang Eurypýlos with his bright-flashing brand,
 And from his shoulder sheared away the arm and heavy hand ;
 The hand and arm fell on the ground, dabbled with streaming
 gore.

Dark death's resistless doom sealed up his eyes for evermore.

So raged the battle. But of Tydeus' son you scarce could say,
 Whether he fought with Trojans or Achaians in the fray :
 For o'er the plain he rushed resistless in his headlong course,
 As rushes a full-brimming river in its wintry force,
 When high its flood and strong its current, and the dams in vain
 Strive to restrain it onwards urged by storm and heavy rain : 90
 Full many a goodly work of man that torrent-stream lays low.
 Even thus did Tydeus' son the Trojan phalanxes overthrow :
 Despite their numbers, they gave way before his trenchant blow. }

Now when Lycāon's famous son descried him driving on
 The troops of Troy across the plain in wild confusion,
 At once he aimed an arrow at him, and his strong bow drew,
 And smote him :—the keen weapon passed his plated corslet through,
 Struck his right shoulder, pierced the metal,—but was stayed within :
 Yet was the breast-plate blood-besprinkled from the wounded skin.

Then loudly shouted Pandaros, when he beheld him bleed : 100

“ Arouse ye, noble-hearted Trojans, prickers of the steed !

I’ve struck the best of the Achaians, and I say that he

Will not bear up against the arrow, if a truth it be,

That Zeus’ son, the Archer-King, encouraged me to come

Unto this war from Lycia, my dear and native home.”

Thus boastfully cried Pandaros :—but him the weapon keen

Did not subdue ; he but retired the chariot-steeds between ;

There stood, and called to Sthenēlos, bold Capaneus’s son :

“ Bestir thee, gentle Sthenēlos, and from thy seat come down,

That thou may’st draw this bitter arrow from my shoulder-wound :” 110

No sooner said, than Sthenēlos leapt down upon the ground,

And standing near, drew deftly from the wound the arrow-head.

A jet of blood shot forth straightway and o’er his vesture spread.

Then did the battle-chieftain Diomēdēs make a prayer :

“ Offspring of ægis-bearing Zeus, O take me to thy care !

Athēnē, thou unwearied One, if heretofore thy mind

Has in war’s perils been to me and to my father kind,

Grant that I may upon the man, who wounded me, alight,

If only within spear-cast,—who now boasts with deadly spite,

That I shall not for long behold the sun’s all-glorious light.” } 120

So prayed he :—and Pallas Athēnē heard his earnest cry,

And to his limbs and feet and hands gave strong activity.

She, standing nigh, these wingèd words unto his heart addressed :

“ Fight bravely on, O Diomēdēs. I within thy breast

Infuse the spirit of thy fathers and their fearless might,

Such as equestrian Tydeus had, when for the battle dight.

At once I take away the mist, which rested on thine eyes,

That, whether god or man assail thee, thou may’st recognize.

Wherefore, if any god should come thy strength and skill to try,

Beware :—do not engage in arms with any deity,

Save one:—if Zeus's daughter Aphrodītē should come near
And challenge thee: then wound her with thy sharp and brazen
spear."

Thus having said, the glancing-eyed Athēnē went her way.
And again Tydeidēs mingled with the fore-ranks of the fray:
Intensely eager heretofore with Trojans to engage,
Then verily he was possessed with thrice as fierce a rage.
As a strong lion, which has leapt over a sheepcote's bound,
On which the keeper of the flock has dealt a grazing wound;
The pain hath only roused his fury:—this the shepherd sees,
Dives down among the cattle-stalls and from the danger flees. 140
In heaps, one on another, lie the torn and frightened sheep:
The lion, forcing on his way, doth from the sheep-fold leap.
So, mingling with the Trojan crowd, did Tydeus' son press on:
And then did he Hypēnor kill, and good Astynōon;
The one with his long brazen spear stabbed high up on the breast;
The other with his weighty sword he smote upon the chest,
Just where the shoulder-blade is knit unto the collar-bone:
Cloven from the neck and from the back the severed arm fell down.

These leaving, he Abas pursued and Polyeĩdos fair,
Sons of Eurydamas, an aged dream-interpreter. 150
Their dreams, when coming to the war, he did not tell aright.
The mighty Diomēdēs slew and spoiled them in the fight.
Then he chased Xanthos and Thōon,—two sons of Phainops they,
Both dearly-loved:—but he with age was wasting fast away.
No other child had he besides, to whom his goods to leave.
These two did Diomēdēs kill, and of their arms bereave,
To the poor father leaving bitter grief and wretched pain,
For never did he from the war welcome them back again. }
To heirs-at-law, and not his children, would his wealth remain. }

Then did he overtake two sons of Priam in one car 160
 Together riding,—Echêmon and Chromios, men of war.
 And as a lion on a herd, feeding some copse-wood near,
 Springs forth, and kills and bears away a heifer or a steer :
 So did Tydeidēs strike these chariot-fighters to the soil,
 Despite their utmost struggles, and their glittering armour spoil.
 His followers with the steeds and chariot to the vessels hied.
 Now when Aineias saw him dealing slaughter far and wide,
 He sped across the field, where spearmen closed in desperate fight,
 Earnestly searching, if he could on Pandaros alight :
 And soon he found Lycāon's son, the faultless and the brave ; 170
 To whom he called and, standing near, this exhortation gave :
 “ Pandaros, where's thy bow and arrows, and thy skill so high,
 That no man here can match with thee in feats of archery ?
 No,—nor in Lycia is there any better archer found.
 Come then, lift up a prayer to Zeus, and deal this man a wound,
 Who is so very mighty and has done us grievous ill,
 Killing so many Trojans and designing more to kill.
 Can it be that he is some god, who doth his wrath declare
 Against us Trojans ? Wrath divine is very hard to bear.”
 To him Lycāon's noble son these answering words addressed : 180
 “ Aineias, Troy's great counsellor ! I, by his helmet's crest
 And vizored front and shield and steeds, do recognize the son
 Of warlike Tydeus, Diomēdēs :—but the truth to own,
 Whether this warrior be a god or man I cannot say.
 Assuredly some god is with him in the bloody fray,
 Who, standing close beside, in clouds enveloped and unseen,
 Turned from his breast my shaft so well directed and so keen.
 For once already have I shot an arrow forth, that smote
 And to his shoulder pierced right through the breast-plate's mailed
 coat.

Then to myself I said,—I have this burly fighter slain, 190
 And hurled him down to the dark place, where Aidōneus doth reign.
 But yet I failed to overcome him with my good strong bow.
 Surely some god is angry with me, nor will have it so.
 I have no steeds nor chariot here, wherewith to scour the plain,
 Though in Lycāon's palace-courts eleven fair cars remain
 Quite fresh and newly-made and curtained round with utmost care ;
 And close beside are stabled steeds,—for every car a pair,—
 With store of maize and good white barley for their daily fare. }
 Full often did my aged sire,—a practised warrior he,—
 Ere I set out from my good home, advise me earnestly. 200
 He urged me many a time to mount a well-accoutred car,
 And, as a charioteer, to aid the Trojans in the war.
 Far better had I done his will : but I would not comply,
 Fearing my steeds, so long accustomed to a full supply,
 Would, 'mid the throng of men and horses, lack their needful food ;
 And so I left them, and have here, as a foot-archer, stood,
 Relying on my bow and arrows ;—but it seems that they
 Were not to do me any service in the embattled fray.
 Already at two Achaian chieftains have I taken aim,
 Tydeidēs and Atreidēs, and from both a blood-stream came. 210
 I struck, but slew not : only did their martial wrath inflame.
 A day of sad ill fate it was, when I to Ilion came,
 And to bring aid to noble Hector and the Trojan town,
 My archer-weapons from the peg, on which they hung, took down.
 But should I ever safely back unto my country come,
 And with these eyes behold my wife and high-roofed spacious
 home,
 Then may some man my head cut off, if I break not and burn
 These weapons in a blazing fire, which have not served my turn."

Then did the Trojan chieftain, great Aineias, answer make :
 “ Nay—say not so ; nor yet despair of what we undertake, 220
 Before we twain with all our arms and in a chariot go,
 To meet this mighty man, and prove if it indeed be so.
 Come then and mount my chariot :—so shall you best descry
 The mettle of our Trojan steeds, how rapidly they fly
 Across the plain, and hither thither through the forces speed :
 They to the town will bear us safely, should there be the need, }
 Should Zeus again to Diomēdēs victory concede.
 Come then and take in hand the whip and this smooth-shining
 rein,
 And I will from the car dismount, to fight upon the plain.
 Or if it better please thee, then do thou this warrior dare, 230
 Whilst of the chariot and its horses I retain the care.”

To him a ready answer gave Lycāon’s noble son :
 “ Aineias, hold in hand the horses, for they are thine own :
 Driven by their wonted charioteer, they best will bear along,
 If we must flee from Tydeus’ son, the chariot through the throng :
 Lest, missing thy accustomed voice, they hold back in affright,
 And so refuse to bear us from the perils of the fight :
 For then the son of Tydeus, rushing swiftly forth, may slay
 Both you and me, and your good steeds in triumph drive away.
 Therefore do thou thyself the chariot and its horses hold, 240
 Whilst I with my keen spear will meet this man so fierce and bold.”

Thus having spoken, both of them mounted the shapely seat,
 And, full of ardour, drove the steeds great Tydeus’ son to meet.
 Them Sthenēlos beheld advancing, as he stood beside
 The valorous son of Tydeus, and in haste to him he cried :
 “ O son of Tydeus, Diomēdēs, to my heart so dear !
 I see two mighty foemen onwards pressing and quite near ;

Men of immeasurable strength and vigour;—Pandaros is one,
He so expert in archery, Lycāon's well-known son.

Aineias is the other,—he whom Aphroditē bore 250

Unto Anchises,—a heaven-born warrior : therefore I implore,
Let us remount our chariot, and retreat and shun this strife,
Nor, fighting thus among the fore-ranks, risk thy precious life."

Him answered Diomēdēs with a sternly-looking eye :
"Speak not to me of timid yielding ; I will not comply.

It never was my nature to avoid the brunt of war,
Or cower before a coming foeman :—I am braver far.
I will not mount the chariot, though foes are drawing near,
But boldly meet them. Pallas Athēnē doth not counsel fear.
Never shall those swift steeds bear both the warriors from the
plain, 260

Though one escape me, yet the other shall not rise again.
Moreover do thou bear in mind what I unto thee say :
If Pallas should the glory give me both of these to slay,
Hold my good horses well in check,—to the point attach the rein,—
Spring on Aineias' horses,—seize and drive them off the plain,
And see, that they secured among the Achaian ranks remain. }

Once on a time Zeus gave to Tros horses of wondrous breed
In payment for his child, the young and comely Ganymede.
Wherefore they were the noblest steeds seen underneath the sun.
This breed Anchises got by stealth, cheating Lāomedon : 270
Some mares he brought unto these stallions,—so obtained the
racē,

And six young foals were born to him within his breeding place.
Four did he rear for his own use and in his stables fed.
Two gave he to Aineias, to be messengers of dread.
Great will our glory be, should these proud steeds be capturèd." }

Whilst these to one another spake, those other two drew nigh,
Their chariot and swift-footed steeds on-driving steadily.

Lycæon's son was first to speak, and thus the challenge gave :

"Strong-hearted son of famous Tydeus, in the battle brave !

Truly the shaft, which wounded thee, I failed to aim aright ; 280

The baneful arrow did not kill, but faltered in its flight.

Now then a combat near at hand will I assay to try,

If haply with my lance I can achieve the victory."

He spoke, and brandishing his lance, and still advancing near,
Struck great Tydeidēs on the shield :—the firm long-shadowed spear
Pierced through with its sharp point, and on the mailèd breast-plate
stood.

Forthwith Lycæon's noble son called out in joyous mood :

"To the flank thou art smitten through and through :—full surely

I opine

Thou can'st not bear up long :—and lo ! the victory is mine."

Him answered sturdy Diomēdēs with undaunted mien : 290

"Thou hast missed thy mark, thou hast not hurt me : soon shall
this be seen.

One of you twain, before this work is done, shall meet his fate,

And with his blood the bull-hide-shielded War-god satiate."

These words were hardly spoken, when his spear with mighty force

He threw, and Athēnē failed not to direct its fatal course.

It struck his nose beside the eye and passed the teeth among,

And with its trenchant edge it cut the rootstrings of the tongue,

Thence passing out below the chin :—down from his splendīd car

Fell Pandaros : his clashing armour sounded wide and far.

All-variegated were his arms and flashing in the light :

His swift and fiery-footed steeds were startled with affright.

Just as he fell, so perished he in prime of life and might.

} 300

Out-sprung Aineias at his fall with shield and lengthy spear,
 To save the body, lest Achaians it away should bear.
 He strode around it, like a lion, full of conscious strength,
 Holding in front his orbèd shield and lance's guardian length,
 Uttering loud cries of vengeance ; in his wrath resolved to slay
 Whoever of the enemy should dare to cross his way.

Then instantly Tydeidēs seized, and lifted in the air
 A large and heavy mass of stone, such as no two could bear, 310
 As men are now-a-days : by him unaided and alone
 This easily was lifted and at great Aineias thrown.
 On the hip-joint it smote him, just where in the body's frame
 The thigh-joint turns and moves, that part which men the socket
 name.

It crushed the socket, rent the tendons, tore the flesh away ;
 So rugged was the mass, and so resistless was the sway.
 Down on his knees the hero sank,—there with his brawny hand
 Stayed himself up a little while from off the blood-stained sand.
 Upon his sight a night-like darkness soon began to lie.
 Then would Aineias, king of men, have perished utterly : 320
 But Zeus's daughter, Aphrodītē, with a mother's grief
 Espied his danger, and at once hastened to his relief.
 Around her own dear son her white and tender arms she threw,
 Before his face the foldings of her sheeny vesture drew,
 That not a dart might reach him, nor his life so fondly dear
 Be suddenly snatched from him by some foeman's brazen spear.

Now whilst from off the battle-field the goddess bore her son,
 Bold Sthenēlos did not forget the plan agreed upon :
 The words, which Diomēdēs spake, he fully bore in mind :
 Out of the din he held his steeds, nor did he fail to bind 330
 To the rim-point the shining reins, and then spring forth upon
 Those steeds with beauteous manes, that bore to war Anchises' son.

He drove them to the Achaian ranks from off the Trojan side,
 And gave them to Dēipylos, his comrade true and tried :—
 Unto this friend of kindred soul the captured steeds he gave,
 To drive them to the hollow ships fast by the salt sea-wave.

Then did the hero mount his car, grasping the glittering rein,
 And after Diomēdēs with his strong-hoofed horses strain.
 Now he was Cypris chasing with his lance in hand,—aware
 How weak she was,—not one of those high deities, who care 340
 To mix with men in war and through the embattled forces go,
 Not an Athēnē, nor a town-destroying Enyō.

So, tracking her amidst the crowd, he made an onward start,
 And wounded her upon the finger with his ruthless dart,—
 Finger so weak and delicate :—at once the point ran on
 Down to the palm of her soft hand, so fair to look upon.
 Her fine ambrosial flowing robe, wrought by the Graces' skill,
 It tore :—forthwith celestial blood out-trickled in a rill ;
 In sooth not mortal blood, but " ichor " ; such as alone from those,
 Who eat no common bread nor drain the inflaming wine-cup,
 flows. 350

Therefore these beings bloodless are : men them Immortals call.
 The goddess screamed, and from her arms let the dear burden fall.
 Phoibos Apollo rescued him, spreading a sable cloud
 Whereby from all the Danaäns his helpless form to shroud ;
 Lest any of those rapid-steeded warriors should assay
 To cast a weapon at his breast and take his life away.

Then loudly shouted Diomēdēs, glorying in his might :
 " Ho ! Zeus' daughter, go thy way from war's laborious fight.
 Will it not serve thy purpose weakly women to deceive ?
 I wot that henceforth to have joined in battle thou wilt grieve, } 360
 And shudder at the very name, and war to others leave."

So spake he. She departed all distraught and sore oppressed.
 Soon the wind-footed Iris found her with her pain distressed,
 And guided from the throng ;—her fair skin livid with the wound.
 Then on the left wing of the host they Arēs sitting found :
 On a dark mist his spear was resting and his rapid steeds :
 She, on her knees down falling, thus for his kind succour pleads :
 “ Dear brother, let me have thy steeds with trappings all of gold,
 That I may to Olympus wend, our deathless sure stronghold.
 Wounded I am and sorely pained : a mortal wounded me, 370
 Tydeidēs, who with Zeus himself would strive for mastery.”
 Willingly Arēs lent his steeds with trappings all of gold.
 She the car mounted, pained and worn with troubles manifold.
 Wind-footed Iris sate beside, taking the reins in hand,
 And lashed the steeds, which upwards flew high over sea and land.
 Quickly they reached the Olympian mansions : there the car she
 stayed,

Unyoked the horses, and for them ambrosial fodder laid.
 But at her mother’s knees herself the Cyprian goddess threw.
 And fond Diōnē to her breast her sorrowing daughter drew,
 And gently soothed her with her hand, and tenderly caressed, 380
 Called her by name and questioned her, and thus her speech
 addressed :

“ Tell me, dear child, my Aphroditē, who of the gods is he
 Hath treated thee, as an offender, so relentlessly ? ”

Then Aphroditē answer made, smiling amidst her grief :
 “ The son of Tydeus wounded me, that daring haughty chief ;
 Because from out the fearful war I did my dear one bear,
 My son Aineias, who has been and is my fondest care :
 I did so, for no longer men with men the conflict wage,
 Since even with Immortals will these Danaäns engage.”

“Bear up,” the goddess mother said, “though stung with grief and
pain, 390

Bear bravely up, my child, and from indignant words refrain.

For we, Immortal Heavenly ones, often in days gone by
Have suffered at the hands of men through our own rivalry.

So Arēs suffered, when Alōeus’ sons of giant power,

Otus and Ephialtēs, bound him in a prison-tower.

Thirteen long weary months great Arēs in that dungeon lay,
And doubtless there the insatiate War-god would have pined away,

Had not Eēriboia saved him ; his step-mother she,

Who told his state to Hermēs, and bold Hermēs set him free,

With the long bondage sorely-worn and suffering dreadfully. } 400

So Hērē suffered, when with an arrow triple-barbed and keen

Amphitryon’s stalwart son pursued and smote the Olympian Queen :

By the right nipple did he smite her sharply on the breast :—

A cause to her of anguish and incurable unrest.

Yea, monstrous Aīdēs suffered also, when that self-same chief,—

A mortal, yet of Zeus a son,—inflicted painful grief,

Wounded him with an arrow at the very gates of death.

He, his hard fate bemoaning, pierced with pains, panting for breath,

Went to the house of Zeus on high Olympos, sorely pained

Because the bitter arrow in his shoulder-blade remained. 410

There Paian hasted remedies of comfort to apply,

And healed him : for he was not mortal, neither could he die.

A wretch is he, a fierce adventurer, doer of godless things,

One who with mortal weapons woe to the Immortals brings.

But know,—Athēnē sent this daring warrior upon thee.

A fool in heart is Tydeus’ son, reckless of destiny,

Considering not, that whoso with Immortals doth engage,

Shall not live long, but perish in the blooming of his age :

Ne'er shall his children prattle at their father's knees at home,
 Never shall he from out the strife of war in safety come. 420
 Let Diomēdēs then beware, however strong he be,
 Lest he should have to fight with some one stronger far than he ;
 Lest Ægēaleia, Adrastos' daughter, his true-hearted spouse,
 With night-long sobbings from their sleep her maidens should arouse,
 Mourning the partner of her youth,—bravest and best of men,
 Who left her for a distant war, ne'er to come back again."

She spake, and from the wounded hand the " ichor " wiped away.
 Healed was the hand, the sore and wearing pains allayed straightway.
 Whereat the goddess Hērē with Athēnē looking on
 Began with cutting taunting words to assail great Cronos' son. 430
 And first the goddess, glancing-eyed Athēnē, stirred the fray :
 " Good father Zeus ! be not irate at what I now shall say.
 Verily Cypris, wishing her loved Trojans to befriend,
 And an Achaian woman as a paramour to send,
 While stroking her and fondling her with coaxings sweet and bland,
 Has with a golden buckle pricked her delicate thin hand."

On hearing this, the Sire of gods and men serenely smiled,
 And Aphrodītē called to him, and thus addressed his child :
 " Not unto thee, my child (he said) do warlike feats belong,
 But nuptial rites and deeds of love, the revel and the song. 440
 To Arēs and Athēnē do war's actions appertain."

By jocund sayings such as these they sought their ends to gain.

Meanwhile Diomēdēs on Aineias rushed with a battle-cry,
 Although he knew Apollo held his guardian hands on high :
 Nathless he did not reverence the great far-darting god ;
 So eager he to force his way, and shed Aineias' blood,
 And strip him of his famous arms :—thrice he rushed on apace,
 And thrice Apollo dashed his gleaming shield against his face.

But when for the fourth time this godlike warrior onwards sprung,
 Then from the mouth of the far-darting god this warning rung: 450
 “Beware, Tydeidēs, and retreat:—think not that there can be
 Betwixt the race of gods and earthly men equality.”

Awed by the words, Tydeidēs back withdrew his rushing feet
 A little space:—he did not dare Apollo’s wrath to meet.

Apollo then from out the press Aineias raised, and laid
 Safe in a shrine, which had for him in Pergamos been made.

Thither Letō and Artemis the arrow-darter came
 And healed his wound, and by this healing glorified his name.

Phoibos Apollo then a phantom-warrior formed, in mien
 Most like Aineias both in shape and in its armour’s sheen. 460
 Around this phantom Trojans and Achaians fought and bled,
 Orbed shields were cloven, targets pierced, dead fell upon the dead.

Phoibos Apollo next to Arēs uttered a loud call:
 “Arēs, Arēs, blood-stained manslayer, stormer of the wall!
 Canst thou not follow on this man and check his martial rage,
 Who even with great Zeus himself is ready to engage?
 Just now he Cypris wounded on the wrist-joint of her hand,
 And then, as if he were a god, he dared myself withstand.”
 Saying these words, on Pergamos he took his lofty seat:
 Whilst deathful Arēs stayed the wavering Trojans from retreat. 470
 Likened to Acamas the Thracian, he their ranks stood by,
 And to the sons of noble Priam called reproachfully:
 “O sons of noble kingly Priam, why inert remain?
 Will ye give up your people to the Achaians to be slain?
 Shall it be so, until around your gates the foemen rave?
 A man has fallen in the fight, whom we are bound to save,
 One, whom we prize as we prize Hector, for the deeds he has done,—
 Aineias, our brave-hearted chief, Anchises’ generous son.

Come, let us rescue our good comrade from the surging fight."

So saying, he stirred up their hearts to deeds of valorous might. 480

Sarpēdon thereupon the godlike Hector thus addressed :

"Where, Hector, is that courage gone, which once thy heart possessed ?

Alone, I must opine, thou thinkest Ilion to defend,

Aided by thine own relatives, without one foreign friend :

Yet of thy near relations, who or whatsoe'er they be,

Searching the battle-field around, not one man do I see.

But just as hounds before a lordly lion skulk and flee,

E'en so do all thy kith and kin abscond disgracefully.

Whereas *we* are the combatants, who, as a friendly band,

Have from a distance hastened to defend the Trojan land. 490

For Lycia is far off from hence and Xanthos' eddying wave,

Where my wife is and infant child and all the goods I have.

Nathless I urge my Lycians on, and ready am alone

To fight with that bold warrior, who such bravery hath shewn ;

Although to me the Achaians have no wrong nor mischief done. }

But thou art standing idle, nor thy people dost command

To hold on stoutly, and protect their wives and native land,

Lest all, as in the meshes of a hunting-net, be caught,

And as a spoil and booty to their enemies be brought.

Quickly would those same enemies your city sack and burn : 500

Wherefore to you both night and day should this be the concern,

To entreat the captains of all forces summoned from afar,

That they stand firm, and ward off all disasters in the war."

These biting words within the breast of Hector entrance found ;

And instantly from out his car he leapt upon the ground.

Then hither thither sped, the host arousing, waving high

His flashing spears, rallying the men, raising the battle-cry.

Forthwith they wheeled about and to the Achaians stood opposed,
 Who dauntlessly awaited them with ranks in order closed.
 As when yellow Demētēr parts the chaff-husks from the grain, 510
 And, whilst the men are winnowing, a wind sweeps o'er the plain,
 And the chaff-heaps increase and whiten ;—even so appeared
 The Achaian forces white with dust, which the horse-hoofs upreared.
 Up to the brazen-coloured sky a dusty cloud they cast,
 As backwards to the battle-plain with prancing feet they passed, }
 Urged by the ardent charioteers in order following fast. }

The conflict now was hand to hand :—a darkness thick and
 dread

Arēs, to aid the Trojans, round the scene of conflict spread,
 Passing, repassing, everywhere,—fulfilling the behest
 Of him, who wields the golden sword, Phoibos the mightiest. 520
 For he it was, who thus to arouse the Trojans' wrath essayed,
 After he saw Athēnē to the Achaians giving aid.
 Himself sent forth Aineias healed and strengthened from the shrine,
 Where he had laid him, and inbreathed an energy divine.

As for Aineias, he among his comrades took his place :
 Greatly rejoiced in heart were they, when they beheld his face,
 And saw him living, safe and sound, and likewise of good cheer :
 Yet did they question with themselves, how he could thus appear.
 But so it was. The self-same work Apollo did fulfil,
 And murderous Arēs, and Eris insatiate of ill. 530

Odysseus, and the son of Tydeus, and the Ajāces twain,
 These chieftains led the squadrons on and did the fight maintain :
 These neither feared the Trojan onsets nor their loud war-cries,
 But held their posts, as motionless as clouds in summer skies,
 Which Zeus has set among the mountain-summits,—resting there
 Motionless in the breathless calm of the surrounding air,

When Boreas and the other stormy winds are lulled to sleep,
That with shrill gusts the shadowy clouds from off the mountains
sweep.

So did the Danaäns hold their places, nor the Trojans fear,
What time Atreidēs passed among them, uttering words of cheer: 540
“ O friends ! be men, loyal of heart, and watchful to sustain
Each man his fellow, when the combat thickens on the plain.
Of loyal men far more are saved from death than they who die.
Whereas there’s neither fame or safety, should we basely fly.”

He spoke, and with a rapid movement hurled his weighty lance,
And struck a friend of brave Aineias, heading the advance :
A son of Pergasos was he, by name Dēicōon,
Whom all of Troy in honour held, as if great Priam’s son :
For he was quick and resolute and always seen to be
Among the foremost in the battle fighting valiantly. 550
The lance of kingly Agamemnon struck upon his shield,
Which failed to be a safe defence, and to the blow did yield.
The lance, his girdle penetrating, dealt a body-wound :
Heavily fell he, and his arms gave forth a clashing sound.

On the other hand Aineias two Achaian foes struck down,
Sons of Diōcles, Orsilochos and valiant Crethon.
Their father was a wealthy man ; in Pherē he abode ;
From Alpheios his line he traced, that well-known river-god,
Who pours through Pylos his broad current, fed by many a spring.
He of Orsilochos was sire, that many-peopled king. 560
Orsilochos begat Diōcles, who in turn became
The father of two twin-born sons, Orsilochos by name
And Crethon :—skilful warriors they, and of illustrious fame :
These, fresh in youth, their dark ships entering, came to Ilion’s
strand,

That place of beauteous horses, with the great confederate band,

For the two sons of Atreus a fit recompense to gain :
 But death their hopes o'ershadowed, and they never rose again.
 As two young lions, on the heights of some lone region bred,
 Where lurks their mother in the thickets o'er the mountains spread :
 These, nightly plundering, seize on lowing oxen and fat sheep, 570
 The cattle-stations devastate, their barriers overleap,
 Till they themselves are by the watching shepherds tracked and
 slain :

So, by Aineias conquered, fell these warriors on the plain :
 They fell, as fall some lofty pine-trees on a mountain's side.

Them when the valorous Menelāos lying dead espied,
 He pitied them, and vengeance sought and hastened to advance.
 His brazen helmet brightly gleamed, he shook his glittering lance.
 It was the guile of Arēs, which so fiercely drove him on,
 Planning the fall of Menelāos by Anchises' son.

Nestor's bold son, Antilochos, observed him hastening on, 580
 And he too sought the fore-ranks, since he feared for Atreus' son,
 Lest any harm befall him, and their toils and hopes be lost,
 To accomplish which the Achaian forces had the wide sea crost.

Now Menelāos and Aineias still were drawing near,
 Confronting one another, ready each to cast his spear.
 To his chief's side Antilochos sprung with a rapid bound :
 Aineias, though a daring fighter, did not stand his ground :
 When he saw two men, both prepared his onset to sustain,
 He backwards drew :—they to their own side dragged away the slain,
 And threw the wretched corpses to their followers for a spoil ; 590
 But they themselves returned to share the danger and the toil.

Then Pylaimēnēs, the martial Paphlagonian, they o'erthrew.
 Him at the head of his bold spearmen Menelāos slew,
 He pierced him with a lance-thrust close beside the collar-bone.
 Meanwhile Antilochos slew Medon, good Atymnias' son :

He was the other's charioteer :—whilst he the steeds wheeled round,
 Antilochos upon his arm dealt forth a crashing wound,
 A pebble-stone, which broke his elbow :—on the dusty sand
 The reins all white with ivory dropt from his powerless hand.
 Antilochos then drew his sword, and swiftly rushing on 600
 Smote him upon the temple : he with a loud gasping groan
 Down from the car fell headlong on his shoulders and his head :
 The sand was deep on which he fell :—his limbs were upwards spread.
 The startled chariot-horses trampled him beneath their feet.
 These by Antilochos were seized and driven to the fleet.

Them, as they moved among the ranks, Hector descried from far,
 And onwards rushed to meet them with a loud acclaim of war.
 The Trojan footmen followed him in order close and strong,
 Arēs and awful Enyo moved also in the throng.
 She, as companion, had with her the form of wild Uproar : 610
 Whilst Arēs in his mighty grasp a huge strong spear upbore,
 And now in front of Hector paced, and now behind him strode.
 Diomēdēs saw and shuddered, when he thought what this forebode.
 As when a weakly man, in journeying o'er a wide-spread plain,
 Is stopped by a swift-flowing river pouring toward the main :
 Its foam observing and its roar, he backward turns his way :
 So did Tydeidēs then retreat, and to his people say :
 “ O friends, we well may wonder at great Hector's matchless might,
 His mastery in spearmanship, his bravery in fight,
 Some god is always near him, to provide him an escape : 620
 And now *that* Arēs is beside him in a human shape.
 Therefore retreat ye leisurely, with your faces to the foe,
 We may not venture with the gods to interchange a blow.”

While thus he spake, the Trojan troops drew nearer and more
 near.

Then Hector killed two fighting-men, well-skilled to use the spear,

Menesthēs and Anchiālos;—one car did both contain.

Sore-grieved was Telamonios Ajax, when he saw them slain ;

So he went near, stood still, and hurled his gleaming lance, and
slew

Amphios son of Selāgos, whom all in Paisos knew.

Wealthy was he in goods and corn-lands :—’twas an evil fate 630

Led him the cause of Priam and his sons to vindicate.

Telamonios Ajax smote him, where the girdle binds the waist :

Deeply the long and piercing spear into his entrails past :

Heavily fell he :—Ajax forwards rushed to seize the spoil :

The Trojans showered their lances to compel him to recoil.

The brunt of many a shining weapon did his buckler bear :

He onwards pressed, and kneeling down drew from the dead the
spear,

But could not from the body strip the beauteous arms away,

The shower of weapons baffled him : he dared no longer stay.

In sooth he feared the noble Trojans and their fierce advance, 640

So many valiant warriors, each brandishing his lance,

Who, mighty as he was and strong and full of martial fire,

Drove him away, and he was forced, unwilling, to retire.

Whilst they were toiling in the conflict, evil fate drew on

Tlepolēmos the good and great, of Heraclēs the son,

Impelling him with Sarpēdon the chance of arms to try.

Now, as they onwards came and to each other drew more nigh,

They two, the son and the son’s son of the cloud-gathering god ;

Tlepolēmos was first to speak his angry thoughts abroad.

“ Sarpēdon, Lycian councillor ! what need, I pray, is here, 650

That thou, as an unwarlike man, shouldst crouch and basely fear ?

Falsely they style thee Zeus’s offspring, for in thee we see

Nothing of all the nobleness of Zeus’s progeny.

But how do men extol and laud the notable emprise
 Of him I boast to be my sire, the mighty Heraclês!
 He was indeed a hero bold in spirit, brave in hand,
 A lion-hearted combatant, whom nothing could withstand,
 Who hither with a small array of ships and followers came,
 The horses promised by the king Lăōmedon to claim ;
 And desolated Ilion, its streets and girdling wall. 660
 But thou art craven-hearted : therefore do thy people fall.
 Well :—thou art come from Lycia, no help to Troy to be :
 Strong as thou art, thou shalt to Aïdēs wend, subdued by me.”

Sarpēdon, leader of the Lycians, answer made and said :
 “ Lăōmedon’s own folly brought that ruin on his head :—
 Therefore did he of whom you speak, Tlepolēmos, destroy
 The lofty well-built citadel and spacious streets of Troy :—
 Who his great benefactor met with foul abuse and blame,
 And gave not up the horses, which he came from far to claim.
 But this I tell thee :—slaughter and a dark and dreary death 670
 E’en now await thee at my hand, falling my spear beneath.
 So shall thy recreant soul to horse-famed Aïdēs offered be,
 So to me shalt thou render up the boast of victory.”

Thus spake he :—and Tlepolēmos his ashen spear upheld.
 At the same moment each at each his long lance-shaft impelled.
 Full on the middle of his neck Sarpēdon smote his foe ;
 The piercing spear-head passed right through : he fell beneath the
 blow,
 Upon his eyes the gloomy night of death sank heavily.
 Tlepolēmos’s spear meanwhile had pierced his foeman’s thigh ;
 The eager lance-head inwards rushed and struck against the
 bone ;— 680
 There the great Father stayed it, and preserved from death his son.

The godlike hero Sarpēdon did his companions bear
 Deep-stricken, sorely wounded, from the battle-field afar.
 But the long spear distressed him sadly, dragging on the ground,
 Which in their hurry no one noticed sticking from the wound.
 None thought to draw it from his thigh, that he might walk
 alone;

So occupied in mind were his attendants,—every one.

On the other hand Tlepolēmos the Achaians drew apart
 Out of the stormy conflict. This Odysseus, firm of heart,
 Noticed with quivering feelings, undecided in his view, 690
 Whether the son of loudly-thundering Zeus he should pursue,
 Or whether he should on the Lycians work his deadly will.
 It was not fated, that Odysseus should the wish fulfil
 With his sharp weapon Zeus's son to overtake and slay :
 Wherefore against the Lycian bands Athēnē turned his way.
 There did he Koirānos, Alastor, Chromios, Halios kill,
 On Prytanis, Nōēmon, and Alcandros work his will.

But quickly Hector gleaming-helmed his slaughterous deeds
 espied ;

In dazzling armour to the front he sped with lordly stride,
 Fear bringing to the Danaāns:—but Sarpēdon's heart was glad ; 700
 Nathless the wounded son of Zeus thus spake in accents sad :
 “ O son of Priam, leave me not here in the dust to lie,
 But rescue me, that I at least may in your city die.
 Since never to my native land shall I return again,
 Nor my fond wife and infant child unto my bosom strain.”

So spake he:—yet great Hector answered not his mournful cries,
 But he rushed past, intent to quell and rout his enemies.
 Sarpēdon did his followers place beneath a fair beech-tree
 Sacred to ægis-bearing Zeus: there laid him carefully.

Stout Pelagon, his trusty friend, then drew the lance's head 710
 Out from his thigh: he swooned,—dark mists around his eyes were
 shed:

Yet he revived; for Boreas with his salutary breath
 Recalled him, miserably-gasping, from the gate of death.

The Argives, though by Arēs and brave Hector overborne,
 Not for a moment thought unto the ships in flight to turn.
 Yet neither did they make an onset, but retreated slow,—
 Since Arēs fought against them,—with their faces to the foe.

Whom first, whom last did Hector and Arēs compel to bleed?
 The godlike Teuthras, and Orestes, scourger of the steed,
 And Trechos, an Aitolian spearman, and Ainomāos, 720
 And Helēnos, and the belted-warrior, bold Oresbios.
 This man in Hylē had a mansion stored with various goods;
 Down to the lake Cephissos sloped his meadow-lands and woods:
 So fertile was the district, many neighbours dwelt beside.

Now when the white-armed goddess Hērē this disaster spied,
 Saw her bold Argives in the unequal conflict fall and die,
 She, to Athēnē calling, said in wrath and hurriedly:
 “O strange! Athēnē, Zeus' child, whom all undaunted hold!
 Shall nothing come of all that we to Menelāos told?
 That he should sack well-wallèd Troy, say, how shall we engage, 730
 If we allow destructive Arēs thus to vent his rage?
 Come then, and let us both in the fierce battle take our side.”

She spake:—the glancing-eyed Athēnē instantly complied.
 Hērē began at once her steeds to harness for the car,—
 She, awful goddess, Cronos' daughter, terrible in war,—
 Her steeds with frontlets all of gold and gorgeous trappings
 graced.

Then Hēbē the round wheels forthwith upon the axle placed:

Eight-spoked were they and made of brass, well to their fittings bound.

Each felly was of gold, each tire of brass close-fashioned round.

Of silver was each nave, and on an iron axle rolled : 740

The car itself was slung on bands of silver mixed with gold.

The rims were double, that the shapely car encircled round.

The pole was silver ; to its end a golden yoke was bound.

She set the check-reins in their places ; these were golden too.

Beneath the yoke then royal Hērē forwards leading drew

Her noble coursers, swift-of-foot, impetuous, full of life,

Eager to hear the battle-cries and rush amidst its strife.

But Athēnē, Zeus's daughter, laid her flowing robe aside,
On her paternal floor in wavy foldings to abide,

A rare and richly-broidered work, which her own hands had done. 750

She then of cloud-compelling Zeus the tunic-coat put on.

Next she took war's defensive arms ;—a breast-plate strong and vast,

And the large many-tasselled ægis round her shoulders cast,

Most awful, which on every side Terror encircled in,

And Strife was there, and martial Force, and shuddering Battle-din :

There too the monstrous Gorgon-head, so frightful to behold,

Zeus's great portent, terrible with its close snaky fold. }

Last on her head a helmet set, twin-bossed, four-plumed, of gold. }

Then mounted she her flamy chariot, took her spear in hand,

Vast, weighty, strong, wherewith whole ranks of warriors to
withstand, }

And, daughter of an all-mighty Sire, subdue to her command. } 760

To the swift-footed horses Hērē then the whip applied.

Spontaneously heaven's sounding gates at once flew open wide,

At which the Hours keep watch and ward, and to whose charge is
given

Olympos, and the light and darkness, and the spacious heaven.

Thither they drove the horses, and straight through heaven's gates
passed on,

Where, seated from the rest apart, they came to Cronos' son
Upon Olympos' highest peak, that many-ridgèd hill :

There white-armed Hērē caused her steeds and chariot to stand still.

Then she accosted Cronos' son, and said all pleadingly : 770

“ O Zeus, O Sire ! art thou not angry that it thus should be ?

How many of the Achaïans, and what noble men and brave,
Has Arēs most unseemly slain :—but I the sorrow have.

Whilst Cypris and the golden-bowed Apollo with delight

Do onwards urge this frantic one, who heeds not law nor right.

O Zeus, O Sire ! wilt thou be angry with me, if I dare

Severely Arēs to chastise, and from this conflict scare ? ”

The cloud-compelling mighty Zeus made answer : “ Well,
come on,

And against Arēs let Athēnē be the champion :

She by experience knoweth how his fury to restrain, 780

And make him feel for his mis-doings miserable pain.”

He spake :—the white-armed goddess Hērē did not disobey,

But scourged the steeds, which flew with ready instinct on their way.

Between the earth and starry heaven lay their aërial road :

This way with springing bounds the loudly-neighing coursers trod ;

Each bound as far as that grey distance, which a shepherd sees

Sitting upon some headland cliff and gazing o'er the seas.

There is a spot in Trojan land, where two twin rivers meet,

Where Simōis and Scamandros mingle :—there they stayed their feet.

Then Hērē loosed them from the yoke, and a mist round them
shed, 790

Whilst for their fodder Simōis divine “ ambrosia ” spread.

The goddesses, like timorous doves, moved glidingly along :

But when they reached the station, where in close-compacted throng

The bravest of the Argive host round Diomēdēs stood,
 Fierce, as young ravening lions, or as wild boars of the wood,
 There stayed the white-armed goddess, and a human form put on,
 Like the strong-chested Stentor with a voice of brazen tone,
 Which as far off as that of fifty others could be borne.
 And thus she said ; “ Shame ! fair-faced Argives, worthy of all scorn !
 What time divine Achilleus was the leader of the war, 800
 The Trojans never ventured from their Dardan gate afar,
 For then they feared his sturdy and victorious spear to meet ;
 But now they quit their city and contend beside our fleet.”

Thus speaking, she excited each man’s bravery and might,
 But glancing-eyed Athēnē roused Tydeidēs to the fight.
 The prince beside his steeds and chariot, tending on the wound
 Which Pandaros’s weapon had inflicted, soon she found ;
 For he was sitting there apart, wiping the sweat away,
 Which troubled him, as beneath his buckler’s leathern strap it lay.
 With weary hand he upheld the strap and cleansed away the
 blood. 810

The goddess thus addressed him, as beside his steeds she stood :
 “ Tydeus in sooth begat a son unlike himself how far !—
 For Tydeus, though but mean in person, was a man of war.
 Even when I would not suffer him in battle to engage,
 Nor in a meeting-place of arms expend his noble rage :
 And when, upon a time, he brought a message all alone
 To Thebes ;—and of the Thebans round him gathered many an one ;
 I charged him in his quarters to take quietly his food.
 But then (as always was the case) he, full of valorous blood,
 Challenged the city-youths with him a tournament to try, 820
 And vanquished them all easily : such a support was I.
 Now I am standing by thy side and keeping watch o’er thee,
 And lo ! I charge thee combat with these Trojans manfully.

But weariness hath seized thy limbs, or craven fear thy heart.
Of Tydeus, son of Oineus, thou no genuine offspring art."

The sturdy Diomēdēs ready answer made, and said :

"I know thee, ægis-bearing Zeus's daughter, goddess-maid.
Wherefore I nothing will conceal, but freely will confess,
No craven fear hath seized on me nor any weariness ;
But I remember the injunctions you so lately gave, 830
Forbidding me in open fight the blessed gods to brave,—
Any of them, save Aphrodītē:—but should she appear
Within the lines of battle, then to wound her with my spear.
Wherefore I both keep back myself, and bid the rest recoil,
For I perceive Arēs controls the conflict and the spoil."

Then said the glancing-eyed Athēnē in a gentle tone :

"O Diomēdēs, son of Tydeus, well-beloved one !
Neither this Arēs nor any other of the Immortals fear :
I, to support thee and protect thee, surely will be near.
Then against Arēs drive thy horses by the nearest road, 840
Strike at him hand to hand, nor reverence that wild frantic god.
An ingrained evil one is he, veering from side to side,
Who to my asking and to Hērē's but just now replied,
That he would fight against the Trojans and the Achaians aid :
Whereas he is in the Trojan ranks,—forgetting all he said."

So saying, she from out the car forced Sthenēlos,—and he,
Drawn backwards by her mighty hand, dismounted hastily.
The impetuous goddess took his place ; the beechen axle gave
A sullen groan, weighed down by her and by the hero brave.
Pallas Athēnē seized the whip, tightened the drooping rein, 850
Straight toward Arēs drove the steeds across the battle plain.
He had just slaughtered Periphas, a man of giant frame,
Ochēsios's son, who to the war with the Aitolians came ;

And now was stripping off his arms : thereon Athênē took
 The cap of Aïdēs, to conceal her from his searching look.
 But when huge homicidal Arēs Tydeus' son espied,
 He let the corpse of Periphas upon the ground abide,
 And on the knightly Diomēdēs rushed with headlong rage.

Now when these two drew nigh each other, burning to engage,
 Arēs was first to aim his lance in this tremendous strife, 860
 Full in the front athwart the reins, craving to take his life.
 But instantly Athênē seizing turned its point aside,
 So that it idly hurtled past and from its purpose wide.

Then with his brazen weapon Diomēdēs at the foe
 Made an assault : Pallas Athênē guided well the blow.
 Right on it passed into his body at the lower part,
 It bit its way through band and flesh with lacerating smart.
 She the spear-head drew out again, and Arēs gave a cry,
 A roaring cry of pain, which upwards mounted to the sky ;
 As loud as of ten thousand warriors is the mingled sound, 870
 When they are marching with a shout upon some hostile ground.
 At once a trembling fear possessed the troops on either side,
 When, writhing with his agony, Arēs so loudly cried.

As in the sky is seen at times a sudden nightlike gloom,
 Which from a hot and suffocating wind appears to come :
 Such did Arēs appear to be in Diomēdēs' sight,
 When, wrapt in clouds, he upwards took to heaven his gloomy flight.
 Quickly he to Olympos came, the Immortals' place of rest,
 And hard by Zeus he took his seat, with anguish sore oppressed,
 And showed him the ambrosial blood fast welling from the wound, 880
 And told his tale in hurried words and with a piteous sound :
 " O Father Zeus, art thou not angry at such deeds as these,
 That things so frightful should be done among us deities,

One to another?—Whilst to men we seek some grace to bring,
 We recklessly bring on ourselves much dreadful suffering.
 All of us are at feud with thee, for thou hast got a child,
 A mischievous and wilful girl with wicked follies wild.
 All the rest of us, who are gods, that in Olympos dwell,
 Are properly submissive to thee and obey thee well.
 But not in deed nor word dost thou this harmful girl reprove, 890
 But givest up to her, because a child of special love.
 Just now the haughty son of Tydeus she has dared to send
 Madly with high immortal gods in battle to contend.
 Firstly he Cyprius wounded on the hand most cruelly,
 And next, as though himself a god, he has assaulted me.
 My quick feet bore me off, or else a long time I had lain,
 Suffering unheard-of tortures there amongst the heaps of slain, }
 And, though I lived, yet helpless from my bruises to remain." }

The cloud-compelling Zeus with look of sternness thus replied :
 " Don't sit and whimper there, thou shifting veering homicide ! 900
 Of all the Olympian gods thou art most hateful in my sight.
 Quarrels and bloody wars and fightings,—these are thy delight.
 Thou hast thy mother Hērē's temper and unyielding soul,
 Whom I, with all that I may threaten, scarcely can control.
 Wherefore I judge that her suggestions brought on thee this pain.
 Nathless 'tis not my will that thou in suffering shouldst remain,
 For I must act a father's part, and not deny my own :
 Thy mother Hērē bore thee to me, and thou art my son.
 But if from any other god thou didst derive thy race,
 Far far beneath the Titans' den should be thy dwelling-place." 910

Saying these words, he Paian charged to use his healing art ;
 Who, mixing soothing remedies, forthwith assuaged the smart :
 For his was not a mortal frame,—a body that could die,
 Wherefore the medicines of Paian healed him instantly.

As the wild-fig tree's curdling juice, to the white milk applied,
 Coagulates the fluid mass turned quick from side to side :
 So rapidly did Paian heal the restless War-god's wound.
 Then Hēbē made a bath for him, and nice new garments found :
 And Arēs, from his racking pains and woeful state set free,
 In Zeus's presence took his seat, rejoicing gloriously. 920
 Meanwhile the goddess Hērē and Athēnē, guardian maid,
 Back to the home of mighty Zeus once more their way had made, }
 Having stopped murderous Arēs from his homicidal raid. }

THE SIXTH BOOK.

The Argument.

THE EPISODES OF GLAUCOS AND DIOMĒDĒS, AND OF HECTOR
AND ANDROMACHĒ.

THE Gods having left the field, the Achaians prevail. Helēnos, the chief augur of Troy, advises Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of Trojan matrons to the temple of Athēnē, to supplicate the removal of Diomēdēs from the fight. The conflict relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucos and Diomēdēs have an interview between the two armies; where, coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality which existed between their ancestors, they make an amicable exchange of arms. Hector, having performed the injunction of Helēnos, prevails on Paris to return to the battle, and after taking a tender leave of his wife Andromachē, hastens back again to the field.

THE Trojans and Achaians to the strife were left alone.
Over the wide plain here and there conflicts were lost and won,
While they their spears at one another in fierce onset drave,
Between the stream of Simöis and Xanthos' rippling wave.

First Telamonios Ajax, the Achaians' tower of might,
Broke through the Trojan phalanx and let in for friends the light;
Striking down Acamas the Thracian, Eüsöros' son,
A good and mighty man of war, whom all relied upon.
He struck him on the cone, which held the nodding horse-hair crest:
Deep in his forehead sunk the lance and through the skull-bone
pressed:

10

The dark of death descended on his eyes and on his brain.
Axylos, son of Teuthras, was by Diomēdēs slain.

He was a man who in Arisbē lived, a well-built town,
 Wealthy in life's substantial goods, and far and widely known,
 For he befriended all who passed his house by the way-side :—
 Yet none of these came up to aid him, when he sadly died.

From two at once bold Diomēdēs took away the life,
 From him, and from Calesios, who helped him in the strife
 By acting as his charioteer, and drove his horses well : -
 These both at once upon the earth that was to hold them fell. 20

Euryālos in combat Drēsos and Opheltios slew ;
 Then Aisēpos and Pēdasos he hastened to pursue,
 Whom the nymph Nēys Abarbarēa, fair to look upon,
 Bore and brought up, as sons of good and true Bucolion.
 Bucolion of Lāomēdon was the first-begotten child.
 He saw and loved the nymph, whilst tending sheep-folds in the wild.
 Nēys conceived, and brought these twin sons to the light of day :
 Euryālos destroyed their lives and stripped their arms away.

Polypoitēs, staunch in battle, took Astyalos's life.
 Odysseus killed and spoiled Percosios in the close-fought strife. 30
 Next Teucros slew Aretāon.—Antilochos, Nestor's son,
 With his keen shining weapon brought high-souled Ablēros down.
 Elatos was by Agamemnon, prince of warriors, slain :
 He dwelt in steepy Pēdasos, where Satnōis laves the plain.
 Lēitos captured Phylacos, as he sought to flee away,
 And killed. Eurypŷlos meanwhile did strong Melanthios slay.

Menelāos caught Adrestos, for his steeds had taken fright,
 And scoured across the open country in bewildered flight :
 There came against a tamarisk tree :—the rounded car they broke,
 Just where the fore-part of the pole is fastened to the yoke : 40
 They onwards to the city rushed, whither in panic dread
 So many of the fugitives were fleeing or had fled.

Adrestos from the seat had fallen, close to the wheel below,
 In the dust headlong on his face :—beside him stood his foe,
 Atreidēs Menelāos, grasping his long-shadowed spear :
 Adrestos clasped his knees, and prayed he would in mercy hear.
 “ Take me alive, O son of Atreus, and a ransom hold ;
 For in my wealthy parent’s house are riches manifold,
 Plenty of silver, gold, and brass, and fine-wrought iron too :
 A priceless ransom will my father freely give to you, 50
 Should he learn I am living at your ships and in your care.”

He spake, and for an instant seemed to gain his humble prayer.
 Menelāos willed he should a captive to the fleet be led :—
 But Agamemnon came with speed, and loudly calling said :
 “ O gentle Menelāos, why on Trojans thus rely ?
 Nicely you treated were at home by them in days gone by.
 Out of your hands let not a male of them in safety come,
 No,—not the male child borne as yet within his mother’s womb :
 But all that are of Ilion, let them perish one and all,
 Slain and uncared for, utterly destroyed in Ilion’s fall.” 60
 Timely suggesting thoughts like these, he turned his brother’s heart,
 Who thrust away Adrestos from him with a sudden start :
 Again he fell, and Agamemnon dealt a fatal wound
 Deep down within his side, whilst he lay grovelling on the ground,
 And writhed right over : when Atreidēs with a quick advance,
 Planting his heel upon his chest, drew forth the ashen lance.

Thereupon Nestor cheered the Argives with a lusty call :
 “ O friends, O ministers of Arēs, Danaän heroes all !
 Let not a man remain behind, upon the spoils intent,
 That he a large amount may bear unto his ship or tent ; 70
 But slay the men :—then at your leisure you can search the plain,
 And of their varied arms and brazen armour strip the slain.”

So saying, he in every breast excited strength and fire.
 Again would then the Trojans have been driven to retire,
 And refuge take in Ilion, by cowardice oppressed :

But Priam's son, wise Helēnos, of augurs far the best,
 Standing close by, Aineias and great Hector thus addressed :

“O Hector and Aineias, since on you devolves the care
 Of the Trojan and the Lycian forces, since the best ye are
 For every forward purpose both in fighting and debate,— 80
 Stand here, I pray, and check the troops from rushing to the gate.
 Go in and out and rally them, before themselves they throw
 Into the women's arms, and be a mockery to the foe.
 Whilst ye bring up the troops in mass the lost ground to regain,
 We, staying here, will do our best the combat to maintain,
 Though we be sorely spent and weary, since it must be so.
 But do thou, Hector, with all speed unto the city go ;
 There to thy mother, who is also mine, this message tell :
 Gather the aged wives together to the citadel,
 Where stands the shrine of glancing-eyed Atēhnē ; with a key 90
 Lay open wide the folding-doors of that dread sanctuary :
 The largest ‘ peplos ’ in the hall, the one most sure to please,
 Take down, and humbly lay upon fair-haired Athēnē's knees,
 And vow a vow twelve kine to offer at her altar-throne,
 The firstlings of the herd, and which the goad have never known,
 If she our wives and little ones will spare for mercy's sake,
 Nor suffer Tydeus' son the homes of sacred Troy to take.
 For he a furious spearman is, one who may well affright,
 Whom I the most illustrious deem in courage and in might.
 First in the rank of warriors is Achilles,—yet not he, 100
 A hero goddess-born, appears so terrible to me.
 For this man seems beside himself in fierce and furious rage,
 And with him none of our spearmen is equal to engage.”

So said he : and great Hector to his brother's words gave heed :
 Arrayed in arms he from the chariot vaulted down with speed,
 Waving his spears, he through the host passed on from side to side,
 Bidding them stand their ground and thus the hostile charge abide.
 At his command they drew together in a serried band
 Fronting the Argives, who against them would no longer stand.
 They said that some Immortal One down from the starry sky 110
 Had come to help the Trojans and give them the victory.
 Then loudly to the Trojans Hector called with flashing eyes :
 " Ye bold courageous men of Troy, and far-renowned allies !
 Acquit yourselves like men, my friends, of your valour mindful be,
 Whilst I to Ilion am gone, our senators to see,
 And bid the old men with our wives unto the temple come,
 There prayers to offer to the gods and pledge a hecatomb."
 So Hector spake, and so far he his purposes revealed.
 A dark skin touched his neck and ankles, as he crossed the
 field,—
 The rim that ran around the edge of his large bossy shield. 120

Meanwhile into the central space, proud of their martial fame,
 Glaucos, son of Hippolochos, and great Tydeidēs came.
 Where, drawing near to one another, each confronting each,
 Diomēdēs, waker of the war-cry, thus commenced his speech :
 " Of mortal men, pray, who art thou, good sir ?—I've never yet
 Before in all the man-ennobling conflicts with thee met.
 Yet thou the boldest far of all thy comrades dost appear,
 In that thou darest to confront my strong long-shadowed spear.
 Now they are sons of luckless parents, who so tempt their doom.
 But if thou an Immortal be, and from high heaven art come, 130
 I with celestial deities desire not to engage :
 For short-lived was that son of Dryas, who provoked their rage,

The sturdy Lycöorgos: he at Nyssa's sacred grove
 With an ox-scourge the nursing-nymphs of Dionysos drove.
 Of a mad and maddening deity the frantic followers they,
 By that fell ruffian beaten, threw their hallowed things away.
 And Dionysos panic-stricken leapt into the sea,
 Where Thetis caught him to her breast, and soothed him tenderly :
 For, hearing the pursuer's cry, a trembling through him ran.
 Wherefore the tranquil-living gods were angry with the man, 140
 And Cronos' son smote him with blindness:—so he met his fate,
 Perishing early by the immortal gods' judicial hate.
 But as I hope the Blessed Ones will aid me and befriend,
 I would not against any of them wittingly contend.
 But if thou eatest mortal food and drawest mortal breath,
 Come near, that I may send thee quickly to the gates of death."

Hippolochos' son made answer with a knightly grace :	}	
"Noble Tydeidēs, why thus wish my origin to trace?		
The forest-leaves best tell the tale of man's swift-changing race.		
While some leaves on the ground the gusty wind is scattering,		} 150
Others the fresh green-wood puts forth in the sweet time of spring :		
Even so Man's race is ever growing, ever withering.		
But if thy wish is still to learn all that pertains to me,		
I'll freely tell, what many know, my race and pedigree.		
Within the gulf of Argos, close beside its winding shore,		
Stands Ephyrē, a town wherein dwelt Sisyphos of yore.		
The son of Aiolos was he, and he begat a son,		
Glaucos,—and Glaucos in his turn begat Bellerophon,		
To whom the gods of manly grace and vigour gave the charm :		
But Proitos plotted in his mind to do him deadly harm ;		160
So he expelled him from his people, since he could command		
The Argive state, which Zeus had placed under his ruling hand.		

Now Proitos' wife, the fair Antaia, madly sought to gain
 In stolen love this man's affections,—but she sought in vain :
 By specious arts and blandishments in vain she tried to win
 The good and chaste Bellerophon to do this shameful sin.
 Then to her spouse the king she whispered with calumnious breath :
 ' Either slay thou Bellerophon, or die thyself the death ;
 For he has sought to lie with me, and force me to his will.'
 Indignant wrath at once began the husband's heart to fill, 170
 Yet he forbore to slay him :—this he felt would impious be :
 So he sent him off to Lycia on a deadly embassy.

Upon a tablet, closed and sealed, he wrote a certain thing,
 A missive to his father-in-law, the mighty Lycian king,
 That so Bellerophon on himself might sure destruction bring. }

He then to Lycia hastened forth, all innocent of wrong,
 And when he reached the land, where Xanthos pours its waves
 along,

The Lycian king welcomed him kindly, entertained with wine,
 Lodged him nine days, and honoured him by slaying nine fat kine.
 But when the tenth-day's morn began with roseate tints to glow, 180
 He questioned him, and bade him Proitos' secret missive show.
 So having learnt the purpose Proitos wished him to fulfil,
 He charged him, first of all, the huge Chimaira seize and kill.
 Now she a strange inhuman monstrous creature was to note,
 A lion's front,—behind a snake,—the midst a mountain goat ;
 Her breath was as the blasting of a fierce consuming fire.
 Upheld by portents from above, he slew this shape so dire.
 Next with the Solymoi he strove,—men of most wondrous might :
 They say it was the hardest battle ever man did fight.
 Thirdly, the manlike Amazons he slaughtered and destroyed. 190
 As he returned, the king another fraudulent plot employed :

Choosing out from broad Lycia the best and bravest men,
 He laid an ambush for him :—but they ne'er came home again ;
 For he, the matchless Bellerophon, destroyed them every one.

So when the king discerned hereby he was of Zeus a son,
 Then he retained him at his court, for a wife his daughter gave,
 And ordered, he the half of all his dignities should have.
 And the Lycians an estate marked out for him, both choice and
 good,

Rich in corn-lands and vineyards and in many a lofty wood.
 Three children to Bellerophon this regal wife did bear, 200
 Hippolochos, Isandros, and Laödamia fair ;

Whom Zeus, enamoured of her grace, took for a concubine,
 And she became the mother of Sarpëdon the divine.

After a time Bellerophon somehow incurred the hate
 Of all the gods, and maddened by this heart-devouring fate,
 Over the Alëian plain wandered,—alone and desolate. }

The golden-reinèd Artemis slew the maiden in her ire.
 But me Hippolochos begot, and I claim him as my sire.
 He sent me unto 'Troy, and often this injunction gave,—
 'Always to be foremost and first, the bravest of the brave. 210

Nor to disgrace my ancestors, who ever used to be
 The noblest men on Lycia's plain, or in streets of Ephyrë.'—
 Such is my origin, and such I boast to be my blood."

When he heard this, for a moment Diomëdës silent stood ;
 Then deeply stuck his ashen lance into the nurturing ground,
 And unto Glaucos made reply in words of gentle sound :

"Of a truth it seems thou art to me an old ancestral guest,
 For Bellerophon within our house for twenty days had rest,
 Where Oineus entertained him with the choicest and the best. }

There they on one another fair and friendly gifts bestowed. 220
 Oineus a shapely girdle that with richest crimson glowed.

Bellerophon a double goblet gave of solid gold,
 Which I, when coming here, requested those at home to hold.
 My father I do not remember:—quite a child was I,
 When with the Achaians against Thebes he perished miserably.
 Wherefore I'll be thy friendly host, should we in Argos meet,
 And thou be mine in Lycia, when I thither turn my feet.
 Then let us shun each other's lances in this war's emprise:
 Plenty there are of Trojans and of their renowned allies,
 Whom, if I overtake, by fortune favoured I may slay. 230
 Full many Achaians too for thee to bear rich spoils away.
 Then let us interchange our armour, so that all may see
 We are sworn friends, and do maintain ancestral amity."

Thus spake these chiefs one to the other: then from their
 chariots both

At once leapt down, and grasping hands plighted their mutual troth.
 From Glaucos then did mighty Zeus his common sense withhold,
 In that he armour took in change from Diomēdēs bold,
 Nine-kines'-worth for an hundred-kines'-worth,—arms of brass for
 gold.

Hector meanwhile had reached the Scaian gate and beech-tree
 there.

Around him flocked the Trojan matrons and their daughters fair, 240
 Asking for tidings about all, for whom they felt a care,
 Sons, husbands, brothers, early friends:—he in answer counselled
 prayer

To all:—to some he tidings brought of sorrow and despair.
 But soon he came in view of Priam's beauteous palace-home,
 Adorned with open corridors, through which the sun-beams come.
 In it were fifty chambers built of marble smoothly-dressed,
 Close-adjoining, where the married sons of Priam took their rest.

Facing these rooms, within the hall, but on the other side,
 Were twelve roofed chambers, close-adjoining, highly beautified
 With polished stonework :—here, from all intrusion safely closed, 250
 The sons-in-law of Priam with their modest wives reposed.

'Twas near his home Hector's fond mother came her son to meet,
 Bringing with her Laödicē, the fairest and most sweet
 Of all her daughters. When she saw him, then his hand she took,
 And called him tenderly by name, and said with anxious look :

“Hector, my child, why leave the war, and hither come to me ?

Is it these hateful sons of the Achaians fret and weary thee,

Fighting around the city ; and desire hath urged thee on

Here from the citadel to lift thy hands to Cronos' son ?—

Yet stay awhile, that I may wine for a libation bring,

260

And thou to Zeus and the other gods make there an offering.

First to the gods ;—then for thyself take of the cheering wine. }

To a wearied man all-strengthening are the juices of the vine ; }

And thou art very weary, fighting for thyself and thine.” }

The radiant-helmèd Hector answered, “Dear good mother mine,
 Do not, I pray, bring out for me exhilarating wine,

Lest thou unnerve my limbs, and so my force and strength impair.

Besides I may not with unwashen hands prefer a prayer,

Still less the sparkling wine pour out unto the cloud-wrapt god,

Stained as I am with battle-soilings and defiled with blood.

270

But gather thou the aged matrons, and with suppliant feet

Bear to Athēnē's shrine the incense offerings that are meet,

And the largest ‘peplos’ in the hall,—the one most sure to please,

Take down, and humbly lay upon fair-haired Athēnē's knees ;

And vow a vow twelve kine to offer on her altar-throne,

The firstlings of the herd, and which the goad have never known ;

If she our wives and little ones will spare for mercy's sake,

Nor suffer Tydeus' son the homes of sacred Troy to take ;

For he a furious spearman is, a messenger of fear.
 But do thou with the matrons to Athēnē's shrine draw near. 280
 I go in search of Paris, to enjoin him to repair
 Unto the war-field.—Would the earth might yawn upon him there!
 For him the Olympian lord has surely nurtured up to be
 A curse to Troy, to noble Priam and his progeny.
 Could I but see him passing down among the silent dead,
 Then might my heart forget its griefs, and so be comforted."

On this she to the palace went her waiting-maids to call.
 They at her bidding summoned all the matrons to the hall.
 Whilst she herself unto a scented chamber made her way,
 Where "peploi" finely wrought with rich and rare embroidery
 lay : 290

Sidonian women worked them, and fair Paris brought them home,
 When, crossing the wide billowy sea, he did from Sidon come
 On that same fatal voyage, when clandestinely he bore
 The high-born wife of Menelāos from her native shore.
 One of these vestures Hecabē chose from among the rest ;
 It was the lowest of the pile, the safest stored and best,
 Most lovely for its coloured work and its capacious size,
 And, when unfolded, like a star it flashed upon the eyes.
 With this, the women thronging round her, she her way pursued,
 And reached the place, where on a height Athēnē's temple stood. 300
 For them, as they approached, Thēāno oped the portals wide,
 That fair-cheeked one, in Cissa born, of Antēnor the bride,
 Who to Athēnē ministered as public priestess there.
 The throng then lifted up their voices and their hands in prayer :
 What time upon Athēnē's knees beauteous Thēāno laid
 The "peplos," and these words in earnest supplication said :
 "Awful Athēnē, holy goddess, guardian of our town !
 Break thou the spear of Diomēdēs,—strike that fierce one down,

And let his prostrate corpse before our Scaian gate be thrown :
 So we twelve goodly kine will offer at thy altar-throne, 310
 Ungoaded firstlings, if thou wilt on Troy kind pity take,
 And spare its men and wives and children for thy mercy's sake."
 So prayed the priestess, and with her the thronging suppliants
 prayed ;

But all in vain. Pallas Athēnē would not grant them aid.

Hector meanwhile had to the home of Alexandros hied,
 A handsome house himself had built upon the hill's steep side.
 Workmen of skill constructed it, the best that could be found
 Within the walls of Troy itself and in the country round.
 These made for him a dwelling-house with hall and sleeping room,
 Near to the spot where Priam dwelt, and Hector had his home. 320
 Hector went in : a lance he held, bright-pointed, long and strong,
 Its length eleven cubits ; its point gleamed as he went along ;
 Around the shaft, below the point, ran a bright metal ring. }
 Paris he found within the house, his armour furbishing, }
 Arranging shield and breast-plate, fitting to his bow 'the string. }
 Whilst Argive Helen seated with her handmaidens close by,
 Ordered the work they had to do, and watched it carefully.

Hector at Alexandros looked in sorrow and in shame,
 And thus accosted him in language of indignant blame.
 "Good sir, it is not well your anger thus to entertain, 330
 Whilst our troops, fighting round the city, worsted are and slain.
 For thee and for thy sake alone this war and battle-cry
 Have flamed around our city-walls so long incessantly.
 If any other thou hadst seen thus shrinking from his place,
 Thou wouldst have been the first to load him with deserved disgrace."

"Hector, (the godlike Paris said in answer,) 'tis too true :
 The sharp reproaches thou hast spoken are indeed my due.

Yet this I tell thee, and do thou my saying ponder well :
 No angry feelings in my breast against the Trojans swell,
 But I sit here awhile, desirous to obtain relief 340
 From active cares, and to give up my heart to secret grief.
 But now my wife would coax me (and perchance 'tis better far
 It should be so) again to try the fortunes of the war ;
 For Victory changes sides. Stop then, till I myself array,
 Or go,—and I will overtake thee, for I know thy way.”

No answer to these words by bright-helmed Hector was addressed.
 But Helen thus in gentle tones her kindling thoughts expressed.

“ Brother-in-law of me a wretch, foul authoress of ill !
 Would on the day my mother bore me, to some distant hill
 I had by a whirling wind been swept, or in the roaring sea } 350
 Plunged down and lost, before such doings had been done by me. }
 But, seeing that the gods ordained these evils were to be,
 Would I had of a better man become the wedded wife,
 Who felt the censures justly passed, upon a recreant life.
 But this one neither has nor will have any steady sense,
 And I am sure will soon or later reap the consequence.
 Brother-in-law, pray, now come in and sit upon this chair.
 Wearied thou must be with the work devolving on thy care,
 The weary toils and labours undergone for wretched me
 And Alexandros,—of you all the bane and misery. 360
 A lamentable fate is ours:—to be a bye-word rhyme
 Of shameful and pernicious love unto all after-time.”

“ Nay, Helen, though I love thee, (did the bright-helmed Hector
 say,)

I may not sit down : urge me not, indeed I cannot stay.
 Even now my heart is telling me I should at once return
 To reassure the host, who for me in my absence yearns.

Only do thou stir up this man, and bid him all haste make,
 So that within the city he my steps may overtake.
 For I to my own home am going, there to see again
 Its inmates, and unto my heart my wife and dear boy strain. 370
 Since how know I, if I once more shall to those loved ones come,
 Or, if to fall beneath the Achaian weapons be my doom?"

So spake the bright-helmed Hector unto Helen, and away
 Sped rapidly to where his home and well-built mansion lay :
 But found not whom he hoped to find, white-armed Andromachē ;
 For, with her infant child and comely waiting-woman, she
 Had to the walls gone forth in tears, and sobbing bitterly. }
 Yet searched he for his gentle wife, and, failing in his quest,
 Stood on the threshold, and the maidens gathered there addressed.
 " Come, maidens, tell the truth to me, if truly you can say, 380
 Where is white-armed Andromachē, your mistress? Does she stay
 Within the house of comely-mantled kindred friends, or where,
 Assembled at Athēnē's shrine, our wives and daughters fair
 Seek the dread goddess to appease with vows and gifts and prayer?" }

One answered him, who of his household maidens was the best :
 " I will the truth declare, O Hector, at thy strong behest.
 She stays not in the house of comely-mantled friends, nor where
 Assembled at Athēnē's shrine, Troy's wives and daughters fair
 Seek the dread goddess to appease with vows and gifts and prayer. }
 But she unto a lofty tower on Ilion's height is gone, 390
 Hearing the Trojans worsted were, the Achaians pressing on.
 Therefore she hastened to the walls, like one all madly-wild,
 Thither she rushed :—the nurse attends her, bearing the sweet child."

Now Hector, when he heard these words, forth from the mansion
 sped,
 The spacious streets retraversing, which through the city led

Tracing again the well-trod way, whereby he could regain
 The Scaian gate, through which extends the road unto the plain.
 There his wife met and ran to greet him with her infant son,
 Andromachē, fair daughter of the bold Eëtion,
 That same Eëtion, who dwelt in Thēbē's woodland glade, 400
 And the Cilician people dwelling round Mount Placos swayed :
 His child she was, and wife of Hector, Troy's bright-armoured chief,
 Who with her handmaid ran to meet him, passionate with grief.
 Close in her bosom's fold she held her tender gentle son,
 Her little Hector, who in infant beauty star-like shone.
 Hector indeed named him Scamandrios ; but the men of Troy
 Astyanax, in Hector's honour, Ilion's strength and joy.
He gazed upon his boy, and smiled with all a father's pride,
She stood in silence, weeping sorely, at her husband's side,
 Then threw her arms around him, named his name, and sadly } 410
 cried :

" Thy courage will thy ruin be. Ah ! hast thou not a care
 For thy young child and me in my bereavement and despair ?
 For soon shall I a widow be :—the Achaians thee will slay,
 All rushing on thee. Oh ! far better were it on that day
 To find my refuge in the grave. When thus bereaved of thee,
 No comfort will remain, but only grief and misery.
 For I to help me have no father left nor mother dear :
 My father great Achilles smote in conflict with his spear,
 He smote him unto death, and then despoiled my native town,
 High-gated well-built Thēbē. Yes, he killed Eëtion, 420
 Yet stripped not off the spoils ;—of this he had a holy dread ;
 But burnt him in his armour, and above his sacred head
 Upreared a high sepulchral mound ; around it elm-trees spring,
 Planted by mountain nymphs, the daughters of the Olympian king.

There, in the palace halls, my seven dear brothers drew their breath.
 All these, on one sad fatal day, entered the house of death.
 All of them dread Achilles swift of foot at one fell sweep
 Slaughtered amidst their trailing-footed beeves and snowy sheep.
 My mother, who was queen of Hypophācos, rich in woods,
 He, the proud conqueror, hither dragged with all her wealth and
 goods, 430

And though he took a ransom, and she saw her home again,
 Yet was she soon by Artemis dart-stricken there and slain.
 But thou, my Hector, art to me as father, mother sweet,
 And brother :—all these dearest names in thee, my husband, meet.
 Oh ! then, in mercy hear me ! from this tower direct the strife,
 Nor risk to make thy son an orphan, me a widowed wife.
 By yon wild fig-tree plant thy forces, where the outward wall
 Is easiest scaled, the town's approach is most accessible.
 This must be so ; for thither thrice the waves of war have rolled, }
 The two Atreidai, both the Ajāces, and that warrior bold, } 440
 Tydeidēs with Idomēneus,—whom all as chieftains hold.
 Surely one skilled in oracles this secret has made known,
 Or their own warlike skill and courage thus impel them on."

To her the bright-helmed Hector instant answer made, and said :
 " All these things are bethought by me, O wife : but much I
 dread

Our Trojan people, men and women :—What would be my shame,
 If, shrinking from war's dangers, I deserve a coward's name !
 Passion does not impel me : I have always held it right }
 To be the brave man, and amongst our foremost ranks to fight, } 450
 And so the glory of our house to keep unstained and bright.
 Yet in my inmost soul I know full well our future fate.
 A day will come, when sacred Ilion shall be desolate,

And Priam and his spear-armed people vanquished be and slain.

Yet not the Trojans' future so afflicts my soul with pain,

No, not the death of Hecabē, nor kingly Priam's fall,

Nor of my many brethren,—noble hearts and true, who all

Shall in the dust of death before their ruthless foemen fall:

As thine, dear wife, when thou shalt weep to feel the captive's doom,

What 'tis to be an Argive slave,—to labour at the loom,

Or with reluctant weary footsteps day by day to bring 460

Water from Hypereia's well, or from Messēis' spring.

Then some will say, on seeing thee, thy tears and bitter grief:

'Lo! this is Hector's wife, who of the Trojans was the chief,

The bravest and the noblest he of all, who fought and bled

Around the walls of Ilion, where he the battle led.'

This they will say, and anguish will anew thy bosom rend,

Bereaved, as thou wilt be, of him who would thy life defend.

Oh! may I perish, and the burial earth upon me lie,

Before that shriek is heard, which tells of thy captivity."

So spake the noble Hector, and reached forth to take his
child:— 470

But with a cry of fear the sweet babe instantly recoiled

Into his nurse's bosom, as he gazed with infant dread

Upon the helm and crest, that flashed and waved around his head.

At this the father gently smiled, and smiled the mother dear.

Then noble Hector from his brows removed the cause of fear.

Straightway the gleaming horse-haired helmet on the ground he
laid:

Then kissed his dear boy frequently, and fondly with him played,

And thus from Zeus and all the gods a blessing on him prayed.

"Vouchsafe, O Zeus and all ye gods! unto this son of mine,

That he, as I have done, amid the ranks of Troy may shine. 480

May he, because so brave and good, long reign in Ilion,
 And may they say, 'Far better than the father is the son.
 He slays his foes, he wears the spoils of many a bloody fight.'
 So may his great and glorious name his mother's heart delight."

So saying, he within its mother's arms the infant placed:
 And she the darling in her bosom's fragrant folds embraced,
 Through her tears smiling. He was moved her inward grief to see,
 And gently stroked her with his hand, and said all tenderly:
 "Prithee, dear wife, let not thy soul be thus enwrapt in gloom;
 None can, before my time, consign me to the silent tomb. 490
 This too I say:—no mortal man can ever hope to save,
 Whether he brave or coward be, his body from the grave.
 Well then,—go home, and mind the duties which devolve on thee,
 See to the loom and distaff; bid thy maidens steadily
 Attend their work; leave war to men, for they appointed are,—
 I more than all,—to bear the brunt and burthen of the war."

With these last words the noble Hector put his helmet on
 With horse-tail plume. His loving wife unto her home is gone.
 Yet, as she went, from time to time a backward look she cast:
 Heavily sunk her heart within: her tears flowed thick and fast. 500
 Ere long she reached the well-built house, her own and Hector's
 home.

Great was the grief of all within, as soon as she was come.
 All there for Hector living, as if he were dead, wept sore.
 "Alas! (they cried) he from the battle will return no more."

Neither did Paris in his lofty mansion long delay;
 But, when he had put on his dress and glittering panoply,
 He issued forth from out the house along the city's street,
 Trusting his brother to o'ertake by the swiftness of his feet.
 As a fine horse, high-bred, close-stalled, at the manger fully fed,
 Breaking his halter, scours the plain,—stamping, tossing his head, 510

Makes for the river joyously, his limbs therein to lave :
 The hairs around his neck and shapely shoulders wildly wave.
 Swiftly his strong limbs bear him to the herds, that graze beside
 The flowing waters, and he joins them with exulting pride.
 So down the steep of Pergamos did Paris, Priam's son,
 His armour flashing forth in radiance like the sunbeams, run.
 Now he was in the highest spirits, and his ready feet
 Bore him right merrily along the city's winding street.
 And thus he met his brother Hector coming from the place,
 Where he and fond Andromachē had had their last embrace. 520

Paris was first to speak. " My lordly brother, I must own, }
 I have too long delayed thee, who art anxious to be gone. }
 Too long I lingered, nor, as thou didst bid me, hastened on." }
 Hector replied, " Good sir, no man, who would be just and true,
 Should trifle with the work of war :—and thou art lusty too :
 Yet uncompelled thou givest in, and wilt not do thy part.
 Now, when I hear what's said of thee, I am deeply vexed at heart,—
 Said by the sons of Troy,—those very men, who freely bear
 For thee and thy belongings all the trouble of this war.
 But let us now be going : and hereafter, if Zeus will, 530
 We to the heavenly ever-living deities will fill
 Freedom's full bowl within our mansions, and ourselves enjoy,
 In having swept the greaved Achaians from the soil of Troy."

NOTES.



I. "The Iliad," that is "The Story of Ilion,"—a name of Troy derived from Ilos, as Troy is from Tros. These were once sovereigns of the city and surrounding country.

II. The Capture of Troy happened, according to Archbishop Ussher's computation, A.M. 2820, or B.C. 1184,—about the time when Jephthah governed the people of Israel.

III. The War of Troy reaches far back into the dim distance of ancient Greek traditions, and there stands out in brilliant light amid the mass of surrounding shadows, encircled with the radiance of the genius of Homer.

IV. Homer is generally supposed to have flourished about the middle of the ninth century before the Christian era:—or 334 years after the events which he describes.

V. "Homer's works," says Cicero (*Tusc. Quaest.*, Book V., p. 114), "are rather pictures than poems;—so perfectly does he paint to the life, and set the images of everything he undertakes to describe before the reader. He seems to introduce all the most agreeable and delightful objects of Nature into his writings, making them, as it were, pass in review before us."

VI. "It may perhaps be confidently said, that the Iliad is, with the exception of the Pentateuch and some other Books of the Old Testament, the most ancient composition known. There seems to be good proof, that it is older than the Odyssey, older than Hesiod, and older than the other poems existing amongst the Ancients, and by them ascribed to Orpheus and Musæus.

"Being then so ancient a book, it should be read with patience and a simple mind. Nay, more:—we should approach it with something of the kind of reverence which we yield to the Hebrew 'Genesis,' and be perpetually familiar with its contents, as with the grand Secular Record of mankind.

"So vivid are the rays which flow from this globe of light, and so strong its power of attraction, that we neither see nor measure the thousands of years, which have rolled away since its creation and to-day. We forget the extreme antiquity in the uncommon luminousness of Homer, and almost believe that the Iliad, like the Bible, is collateral with all time, is for now and for ever.

"The manners of the Iliad are the manners of the Patriarchal and early ages of the East. The chief differences arise from a different religion and a more maritime situation. Very far removed from the savage state on the one hand, and equally distant from the artificial condition of an extended commerce and a manufacturing population on the other, the spirit and habitudes of the two modes of society are almost identical. The Hero and the Patriarch are substantially coeval; but the

first wanders in twilight, the last stands in the eye of Heaven.”—H. N. Coleridge, ‘On the Study of the Greek Classic Poets.’

VII. The student will find it a pleasing and useful task for himself, to discover the similarity, or even the identity, of the manners and customs of the Iliad and of the early Patriarchal ages, as set forth in the pages of Holy Scripture. This correspondence is to be discerned even in minute usages of social life.

VIII. The Old Testament and the Iliad reflect light mutually each on the other; and in respect of the poetry and the manners at least, if not of the morals, it may with great truth be said, that he who has the longest studied, and the most deeply imbibed the spirit of the Hebrew Scriptures, will best understand, and most lastingly appreciate, “The Tale of Troy divine.”

BOOK I.

I. ver. 2. Nowhere in the Iliad is the combined army before Troy called by the general appellation of Hellēnēs or Grecians; but indifferently Achæians, Danaïns, or Argives,—names properly belonging to the large detachment under the command of Agamemnon, the recognized head and chief leader of the expedition, and therefore entitled by Homer, “King of Men.” In the Iliad the Hellēnēs appear simply as inhabitants of the district of Phthiōtis in Thessaly, who served under Achilles, and are likewise called Myrmidons. Compare Book II., ver. 695. For the way in which their name gradually became the national one, see *Thucydides*, Book I., c. 3.

II. ver. 6. Greek proper names ending in “ides” are termed patronymics, and denote ancestral descent,—generally, “the son of”; as, Atreidēs, “son of Atreus”; Peleidēs, “son of Peleus”; Cronidēs, “son of Cronos.”

III. ver. 8. “Leto,” the Latōna of the Latins, according to Hesiod, was the daughter of Coios and Phoibē. She was the mother of Apollo and Artemis, whom she bore to Zeus, at one birth, on the island Delos.

IV. ver. 39. “Smintheus,” an epithet of Apollo; according to Aristarchus, from Sminthē, a town in Troas, “the Sminthian”; but, according to Apion, a title signifying “the mouse-killer,”—applied to Apollo for having put an end to a plague of mice, which had infested the region of Phrygia.

Grote, ‘History of Greece,’ vol. i., p. 68, remarks, that “the worship of Sminthēan Apollo, in various parts of the Troad and its neighbouring territory, dates before the earliest period of the Æolian colonization of that country.”

V. ver. 65. “Hecatomb,” strictly the sacrifice of a hundred victims. These were generally oxen; but other domestic animals were not unfrequently offered, as rams, sheep, lambs, or goats; for each deity was supposed to have his favourite animals, which he liked best in sacrifice.

In the earliest recorded times, it seems to have been customary to burn the whole victim upon the altar of the gods. Such a sacrifice was termed a Holocaust. But, as early as the time of Homer, it appears to have been the common practice to burn only the thigh-bones, enclosed in fat and certain portions of the entrails, while

the remaining parts of the victims were consumed by those in attendance at a festive meal. The gods were supposed to delight in the savour arising from the burning sacrifice.

A "Hecatomb" did not, however, always signify the offering of a *hundred* animals. The name was used for any great sacrifice. The whole ceremonial is detailed at verses 458-476 of this Book.

Ver. 106. We have here one of the many incidental parallels of Homer with the Bible, already alluded to. Compare 1 Kings xxii. 8.

Ver. 271. "Apian land," *i. e.* the Peloponnesos, especially Argolis, said to be so called from Apis, a mythical king of Argos.

Ver. 308. "Menoitiadēs," *i. e.* "son of Menoitios," *viz.* Patroclos, the constant companion of Achilleus, and his dear friend, whose death, at the hands of Hector (see Iliad, XVI., 818-822), when all other motives had failed, induced Achilleus to return to the battle-field.

Ver. 314. This is the ancient religious ceremony known as a Lustration. It was always connected with sacrifices and other religious rites. It was performed, in ancient Greece, both by states and by collective bodies of men, and also by individuals, to expiate crime, or free themselves from the charge. A notable instance of this ceremony in after-times is the conduct of Pontius Pilate, at the arraignment of our Lord Jesus Christ. See St. Matt. xxvii. 24.

Ver. 366. Thēbē was a city of Mysia, north of Adramyttium.

Ver. 423. The geography of Homer (it has been well observed) embraces an inner or known, and an outer or imagined, world. To his mind the most remote boundary was Ocean, a great and rapid stream encircling the earth,—the parent of all seas, rivers, and fountains,—all which lie within the bounds of Ocean's stream. The country of the Aithiops he would seem to place on the shore of this Ocean, twelve days' journey S.E. of Greece. The lands mentioned in the catalogue (Book II., 494-877) were, with perhaps the exception of Thrace, contained within the poet's known world. His knowledge of the regions beyond this, derived probably through the Phœnicians, becomes fainter as they recede, until at length it is wholly fabulous. The geographical statements of Homer, within the sphere of his own experience, may be implicitly relied on as accurate. All else he has treated as best suited his poetic purpose, forming them into a world of his own creation. See Plate 3, in Keith Johnston's 'School Atlas of Classical Geography.'

Ver. 474. "Eōs,"—the Latin "Aurora"—goddess of the morning; according to Hesiod, daughter of Hyperion and Theia, wedded to Tithonos, whose chamber was in the Ocean-stream. See Book XI., ver. 1.

Ver. 588. "Double-chaliced goblet." The form of this drinking-vessel, often mentioned in Homer, has been the subject of various conjectures. It is generally agreed, however, to have been one with a cup or chalice at both ends. This opinion is confirmed by a passage in Aristotle, Hist. Anim., ix. 40, where he compares with it the cells of bees, having two opposite openings divided by a partition.

Ver. 597. "Sintian men." These were the primitive inhabitants of Lemnos, so called from their plundering habits. They were especially noted for their piracy. Homer himself applies to Lemnos the epithet "inhospitable." See Book XXIV., ver. 753.

BOOK II.

Ver. 6. Compare with this incident the mission of the lying spirit to Ahab, king of Israel, 1 Kings xxii. 21, 22.

Ver. 145. "Icarian deeps"; the name of that part of the Ægæan Sea which is between the Cyclades and Caria, where Icaros, the son of Daidalos, was said to be drowned.

Ver. 309. "Aulis," a seaport of Boiotia, on the shore of the Euripos Strait, over against Chalcis in Euboia.

Ver. 342. "Gerenian." This epithet of Nestor is derived from his birth-place, Gerenia or Geranon, a city of Messenia.

Ver. 472. "Cäyster," a river of Lydia, flowing past Ephesos, and falling into the Ægæan Sea. The Asian meads or marshes are supposed to take their name from Asios, a king of the country.

Ver. 509. It will add greatly to the interest of this descriptive catalogue, as well as of many other portions of the poem, if the reader shall have a clear idea of the state of navigation among the Greeks in the Homeric time, and also of the construction of the ships then in use.

The numerous fleet, which sailed over the Ægæan Sea from Aulis in Boiotia to the Trojan shore, evidences the extent to which navigation was carried on at that early period. Thucydides, Book I., c. 10, says the fleet consisted of 1200 vessels. In point of fact there are only 1186 in the catalogue. Their dimensions may be inferred from Homer's statement, that each of the fifty Boiotian vessels carried on board 120 fighting men. These, however, were the largest ships: the smallest, which were those of Philoctētēs, each carried only fifty. Thucydides supposes the troops to have rowed and navigated the vessels, and that very few besides the chiefs went as mere passengers.

The ships were provided with a mast, which was fastened by two ropes to the two ends of the vessel, and could be readily raised or taken down, as need required. They had each a single sail for use, when the wind was favourable; but the principal means of propulsion lay in the rowers, who sat upon cross-benches. The oars were fastened to the sides with leathern thongs, in which they were turned, as a key in its hole. Thucydides affirms that the vessels had no deck, but were entirely open.

In Homer the ships are commonly called "black," probably because covered with pitch, to protect the wood against the action of wind and water; but occasionally other colours seem to have been superadded to adorn the sides near the prow: hence the ships of Odysseus, *Iliad*, II., ver. 651, are termed "scarlet-checked, or sided," and *Odyssey*, XI., ver. 124, "purple-sided."

When the Greeks had landed on the coast of Troy, we are told that the ships were drawn up on land, and fastened at the poop with a rope to large mooring-stones. This "beaching" was the common practice for a long after-time, and is, in point of fact, done with our fishing craft, on open shores, to this day. For many subsequent ages the navigation of the Ancients was confined to coasting along the shore. Indeed, until the discovery of the mariners' compass, A.D. 1302, it could hardly be otherwise. St. Paul's voyage to Rome, A.D. 61, was a coasting voyage;

and when the ship was driven out to sea by a tempest, and "neither sun nor stars in many days appeared," whereby an observation could be taken of its position and course, "all hope that they should be saved was then taken away." Acts xxvii. 20.

Ver. 564. "Arūra," properly "corn-land, land under tillage." Here personified as a woman, and mother of Erechtheus, a legendary king of Attica, who was said to be the father of Cecrops.

BOOK III.

This Book continues the story of the war from the 508th line of the preceding one. The catalogue is to be regarded simply as an episode. There we saw Agamemnon, aided by the other chiefs, arousing and marshalling the forces.

Now in the Fourth Book of the Iliad, verses 297-300, the arrangement of the army previously to an engagement is distinctly described. A line of war-chariots, in which the chiefs fought, formed the front; the heavy-armed foot were in the rear, and the middle was occupied by archers, or light-armed men, on whom less reliance could be placed. The warriors were protected by shields, cuirasses, greaves, and helmets,—their offensive weapons were spears and swords. The battle began with spears thrown from the chariots driven forwards to break the enemy's ranks. Then, probably, the chariots fell back into the interval between the divisions of the foot-soldiers; for these latter are said to have moved up in close order and engaged, shield touching shield, and lance opposed to lance; while the light-armed troops, now in the rear of all, or behind the chariots, discharged their arrows or sling-stones over the heads of the combatants in front.

In various passages Homer describes the entire suit of armour of some of his greatest warriors, whence we learn that it consisted of the same portions which were used by the Greek soldiers ever after. Moreover, the order of putting them on is always the same. The heavy-armed warrior, having already a tunic around his body, and preparing for combat, puts on, firstly, his greaves; secondly, his cuirass, to which belonged the mitra underneath and the zone above; thirdly, his sword, hung on the left side of his body by means of a belt, which passed over the right shoulder; fourthly, the large round shield, supported in the same manner, in front of the body,—not held on the left arm as in after-times. On quitting the field of battle for any object, this shield was slung behind. See Book VI., v. 119. Fifthly, his helmet; sixthly and lastly, he took his spear, or, in many cases, two spears. Thus arrayed, he was ready for the conflict.

Ver. 6. *Pygmē* is a Greek measure of length—the average distance from the elbow to the knuckles—about thirteen inches: whence "*Pygmies*," a fabulous race of dwarfs supposed to dwell near the Ocean-stream.

Ver. 56. "Clothed in coat of stone"; *i. e.* put to death and entombed.

Ver. 150. "*Cicālas*," the present local name for the "*tettigēs*" of the Greeks,—the "*cicādæ*" of the Latins: a kind of winged grasshopper, fond of basking at noon on trees or bushes, when the male makes a kind of chirping noise by striking the lower membrane of the wing against the breast. This noise was so pleasing to the

ear of the Ancients, that, from Homer downwards, their poets used it as a simile for sweet sounds.

Ver. 441. "Cranaë's isle," probably Cythēra, the modern Cerigo: Hesychius, however, rather points to Salamis, an island off the coast of Attica, deriving the name from Cranaos, the second king of Athens, who succeeded to Cecrops.

BOOK IV.

Ver. 91. "Aisepos," a river of Mysia, rising in the mountain chain of Ida.

Ver. 121. "Zeleia," a town of the Troad, at the foot of Ida. See *Iliad*, II., ver. 838.

Ver. 141. "Carian or Mæonian." The three westernmost provinces of Asia Minor are Mysia, Lydia, and Caria, having their shores washed by the Ægæan Sea. In Mysia, the northernmost of these, is the Troad. Mæonia is an inland part of Lydia,—the country in which is the mountain range of Tmolos, and through which the river Pactōlos flows. The surname "Mæonidēs" has been given to Homer by those who supposed he was born in Mæonia.

Ver. 372. "Thebes." A celebrated city, the capital of Boiotia, traditionally said to have been founded by Cadmos, and afterwards completed by Amphion and Zethos. The war waged against it by the Argives, and in which Tydeus took a part, is that first and famous one,—the subject of the tragedy of Æschylus, "The Seven against Thebes." It must be carefully distinguished from Thebes in Egypt, known as "the hundred-gated city," and which is also mentioned by Homer, *Iliad*, IX., ver. 381.

Ver. 508. "Tritogeneia." An appellation of Athēnē, probably derived from the lake Tritōnis in Lybia, near which the oldest legends represent the goddess to have been born.

BOOK V.

The first great battle described by Homer occupies part of the Fourth, the whole of the Fifth, and part of the Sixth Book. The conflict commences with the foot-soldiery, and deepens into a chariot engagement. A description of the war-chariot of the ancient Greeks will enable the reader to realize more fully the poet's vivid description of the fight.

The war-car, or chariot, of the Homeric age was adapted to carry two persons,—one of whom was the driver, and the other the combatant. The latter, though in all respects superior, was often obliged to place himself behind the former. Thus, in *Iliad*, XIX., 397, Achilles stands behind his charioteer Automedon.

The chariot was of low construction, on two wheels, curved and closed in front and at the sides, quite open behind. The two horses which drew it were attached to a cross-piece, or yoke, fastened to the extremity of the pole by a strong leathern strap. The pole and yoke were still more firmly connected by means of a pin of wood or metal. The combatant fought both from the chariot and on foot; often leaping down to attack, and then as readily resuming his place in it.

Around the raised front and sides of the chariot ran a thick raised rim, which in front seems to have had a curvature, that served the purpose of a hook to hang the reins upon, when the charioteer had occasion to get down. See ver. 331 of this Book. The passage, verses 733-747 of this Fifth Book, which describes the goddesses Hērē and Athēnē, the one preparing the chariot, and the other arming herself for the purpose of assailing Arēs, is a very instructive one on this subject. Equally so is the description of the harnessing of Priam's car. Book XXIV., verses 265-274.

Ver. 339. *Cypris, i. e. "the Cyprian"*—an epithet of Aphrodītē, derived from the island Cypros, near which she was traditionally said to have had her birth, springing out of the sea-foam. She was always the principal deity of this island, having many places and temples there dedicated to her worship; amongst them Paphos, whence her title of "the Paphian." Homer, however, never alludes to her as "foam-born." He designates her as daughter of Zeus and Diōnē, and wife of Hephaistos.

Ver. 530. "*Eris, i. e. "Strife";* personified here, as elsewhere by Homer, as a goddess who excites to war. In *Iliad*, IV., 440, she is described as sister and companion of Arēs.

Ver. 855. "*Cap of Aīdēs.*" This idea of a cap, which made the wearer invisible, has passed into the legends of other nations. It is the "*Tarnkappe*" of the *Nibelungen Lied*.

Ver. 910. "*Titans' den,*" *i. e.* Tartaros, the infernal region, beneath which this race of gods was supposed to dwell. According to Hesiod, these Titans were the six sons and six daughters of Uranos and Gaia. At first they dwelt in heaven, and hence are called by Homer in this place "*Uraniōnes,*" *i. e.* heavenly beings. But when they rebelled against Zeus, and he prevailed over them, they were hurled down into nether darkness. This legend, however, must not be confounded with the revolt of the sons of Alōēs in Thessaly, nor with the storming of heaven by the later giants of this name. The most ancient tradition respecting the Titans appears to be a dim reflection of what is recorded in the sacred Scriptures concerning those angels, who "kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, and whom the Lord hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day." Epistle of St. Jude, v. 6.

BOOK VI.

Ver. 92. The "*Peplos*" was a large full robe or shawl, strictly belonging to women, and worn by them. It was made of fine stuff, usually with rich patterns, and being worn over the common dress, fell in rich folds about the person. During the Panathenaic Festival at Athens, there was carried in the public procession a splendidly embroidered peplos of the goddess Athēnē, in size like the sail of a galley.

Ver. 156. "*Ephyrē,*" an old name of Corinth.

Ver. 188. "*Solymoi.*" Inhabitants of Solyma, an ancient town of Lycia, mentioned by the geographer, Strabo, in the XIVth Book of his Work.

Ver. 190. "*Amazons.*" A nation, the women of which were warriors, dwelling near the river Thermōdou in Cappadocia. Their history is told by Herodotus Book IV., c. 110.

Ver. 206. "Alëian plain," *i. e.* "plain of wandering," supposed to be either in Lycia or Cilicia.

Ver. 407. "Astyanax." This name imports "Prince of the City," a title which it seems the people conferred on the infant son of Hector, as a recognition of the father's public services.

Ver. 440. The exact scene, on which "the war before Troy" was enacted, is a question that has been much disputed by various writers. Bryant conjectured that the true Troad is south of the promontory known anciently as "Sigaion," now called "Yenishehr," somewhere not far from the ruins of Alexandria Troas, the "Troas" of the New Testament (Acts xvi. 8; xx. 6; 2 Tim. iv. 13), now bearing the name of "Eski Stamboul." But the general opinion of those who have closely investigated the question, is doubtless the correct one, which places the scene of the Iliad in that district of the Asiatic shore lying at the entrance of the Hellespont, between the Sigaian and Rhaitaian headlands, where the river Mendêrê, the "Scamandros" of Homer, enters the sea.

The site of Troy itself is far more obscure. As Homer pictures the city, it would seem to have been at no great distance from the sea-coast, chiefly on the plain, Iliad, XX., 217; but in part also on rising ground, with an Acropolis, or upper city, called "Pergamos," where, as at Athens, were the chief temples, and also Priam's palace. Iliad, VI., 297, 317. The main avenues were broad; "wide-streeted" is a common epithet of it in the Iliad, as it is of Athens. Odyss., VII., 80.

The circumvallation of the city was complete, and impregnable to the warfare of that age, except possibly at one point. See Iliad, VI., 434. There seems to have been two gates with double doors. The "Scaian Gate" was at the Western front, and through it descended the way to the battle-field and the shore beyond. The other was called the "Dardan Gate." Iliad, XXII., 413. This probably was on the opposite or Eastern face of the wall. On the outside, the wall was strengthened with flanking towers (see XXII., 97), and crested with battlements (see XXII., 3). No mention is made of a fosse. Two streams flowed through the Trojan plain, the Scamandros, which had its springs in Mount Ida; and the Simôis, which united with the Scamandros before reaching the sea.

Ver. 461. "Hypereia and Messêis," fountains in Thessaly, mentioned by Strabo in his IXth Book.

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